

The Listener

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National Loan Collection Trust

'A Child Holding an Apple', by C. van Everdingen (1606-1678), from the exhibition of Dutch paintings of children at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool

In this number:

The Russian Visit to England (Sir Anthony Eden)

Lord Keynes and Inflation (R. F. Kahn)

The Horse in the Cave (Geoffrey Grigson)

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MAY

Snakes and Dragons

IT IS PROBABLE that, before the month of May is out, somebody will have invoked the aid of the police to deal with a snake; for both grass-snakes, which are harmless, and adders, which are not, have shaken off the last lethargies of winter and will sometimes find their way on to the property of people who do not know the difference between them. Although it is doubtless prudent in such cases to summon the forces of law and order, the precaution does not become as well as it might a nation whose patron saint slew a large dragon single-handed. Our native snakes are small and timid. In far-off countries, where there are cobras or anacondas but hardly any constables and no telephones with which to call for their assistance, the simple inhabitants deal with snakes themselves. It hardly seems right that the British should be less self-reliant. There is, moreover, always the risk that the serpent will have made itself scarce before the police arrive. "That's where it *was*, constable", protests Mon Repos, pointing to a sheltered corner of his rockery. "What does he expect me to do now?" thinks the policeman. "Squat on the lawn and play a tune on my whistle?" Aloud he says: "Well I shouldn't let it worry you any more, sir." Next time, with any luck, Mon Repos will try and deviate less sharply from the traditions of St. George.



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Impressions of the Anglo-Soviet Talks

By the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. SIR ANTHONY EDEN

I HAVE been anxious to give you some account at the earliest opportunity of our discussions with our Russian guests. Inevitably we had to keep a cloak of secrecy over the talks while they were actually going on. Now I can tell you about them.* They were certainly worth while. Some people had doubts about the wisdom of inviting the Soviet leaders to this country for discussions. This is not surprising in view of the history of Anglo-Soviet relations since the war.

It is true that last summer we had the 'meeting at the summit', as it was called, at Geneva, which showed improvement. But since then the Great Powers have been deadlocked once again. All the time I felt sure that it was right to have this meeting. What, after all, were the alternatives? Either that we should never meet the Soviet leaders, or that there should be a meeting somewhere else, or that I should go to Moscow or some neutral capital. To give up the hope of ever meeting those with whom we have disagreements would indeed be a counsel of despair. And on the whole I thought it was very suitable that our discussions should take place here in London this time.

And now our talks are over and our guests are on their way home. They have lasted more than a week and they have been strenuous. What are our impressions at the end? There was some plain speaking; that was inevitable, and I think it was helpful because both of us were pursuing a serious purpose in our talks.

We did not expect—neither did you—that in a few days we could solve the great differences that divide the world. On some of them we made no progress. We do not agree about the German

problem, for instance, because we in Britain think there should be free elections in Germany and she should decide her own future that way. We have neither of us changed our point of view about that or about some other important things. On the other hand, there are a number of issues on which we have found an encouraging measure of agreement, greater, I admit, than I expected when we began. We both want to try, for instance, to bring about a settlement of the conflict between Israel and her Arab neighbours. We want to do it on terms acceptable to both sides. You know that I have long wished to do this. It is good to know that we and our Soviet guests share this purpose, and we declared ourselves ready to back any United Nations initiative to bring about a permanent peace. Meanwhile, we join in asking both sides to respect the existing armistice.

Then there is this tangled question of disarmament, which can never be entirely divorced from fear among the nations. The more apprehensive nations are, the less willing are they to disarm; and yet if you can get a measure of disarmament, you may thereby create more confidence between the nations. We discussed this at some length. We tried to find some means, by controls or in some other way, to reassure the nations and to make progress to reduce this heavy burden of armaments. Probably this is the most difficult international question of all. As I say, we discussed it at length, and I hope that the exchanges which we had will help the sub-committee of the United Nations which is sitting in London now, and which has represented on it other countries besides ourselves and Russia; France is there and the United States and Canada,

too. I hope that what we argued out together may be of some help to them to make progress.

Then there is the question of trade: important, not only for itself but because a freer flow of trade can help to understanding between countries. The more they know each other, the better it will be. And the more interlocked their commerce, the stronger the influence for peace.

As many of you will remember, as long ago as 1949 there have been restrictions on the supply of certain strategic materials to Russia. They have been reduced in recent years but they still exist. The free nations of the West were parties to the agreement which enforced them and they still are, so there can be no question of our altering them by ourselves alone. All this we explained to the Russians, and we also explained that in our view there was scope for a considerable improvement of trade between us, outside these controls altogether, and I am confident that this is so. And now the Russians have brought us not only a figure of £200,000,000 a year to which they want to build up their purchases from us, but an actual shopping list. We are going through this carefully and we think that about two-thirds of it are not affected by the restrictions at all, and it may be that the percentage will turn out to be even higher. So there really is a big scope for increased trade between Soviet Russia and ourselves. Last year we exported to Soviet Russia about £23,000,000 of goods, and that was much higher than in previous years. We are going through those lists carefully, in consultation with the Russians, and the result should be a real improvement in the export market for us.

If so—we have got to face this—an important part of the call to meet this demand will fall on the engineering industry, and we must make up our minds as a nation that if this opportunity of increased trade does open up we have simply got to rise to it. We have got to step up our production to supply the goods. We have got to avoid industrial disputes which weaken us. I have no doubt at all in my mind that the Russians want these goods, and if they cannot get them from us, they will either make them themselves or get them from someone else. We must show what

we can do and at the same time build a secure future for ourselves. It is not just a question of trade; it is much more than that, because this kind of commerce can help to build the peace.

Then we also agreed in our discussions on a number of suggestions which will enable our people to exchange contacts of all kinds—science, the arts, sport, and so on—on a wider scale than we have been able to do before. All this will help.

Of course, the whole of it does not add up to a revolutionary agreement, but how could it? Great nations do not change their policies lightly. But the London discussions could be something very important all the same. They could be the beginning of a beginning. Mr. Bulganin said something at his press conference which I want to quote, because I agree with it so completely: 'The programme, as you see, is a solid one; and that is a good deal to work upon. We, the Soviet people, take this programme seriously, and will strive to turn it into reality'. So will we; and even if we are only in part successful, we can contribute thereby to the peace of the world.

I know there are those who say that agreements of this kind have often disappointed us in the past, and they say there is no use in making them. I utterly disagree, and I want you to understand clearly where I stand in this business. As long as I have any responsibility we shall continue to work for solutions of these questions; for my part I will not accept a situation where the Great Powers of the world stand lowering at each other and consume a large part of their wealth on armaments expenditure. We have got to do better than that. It may be—I think it is—true that the immediate dangers of war have receded, and that is good. But even if it is true, it is not enough. So here is our policy: We will not be parted from our friends, nor will we abandon our vital interests, but we will seek agreements with all. In the long history of diplomacy suspicion has done more harm than confidence. Believe me, that is true. We will follow the policies I have described to you, seeking agreements, promoting friendships. I am sure that this Soviet visit was in tune with this, and that, as a result, the world can rest more secure.

A Worth-while Visit

By W. N. EWER

LAST week I said* of the Bulganin-Khrushchev talks in London that we must not expect anything like decisions or agreements to come out of them; but that all the same I thought that the visit had been worth while. I proved right about the first; and I still stick to the second. But during these past few days everybody seems to have been so busy saying how worth while it has all been that we have been inclined to overlook the first point: that the actual result of the talks, their end product, was very small indeed. It is rather like the summit talks in Geneva last July, and all the talk then about the new spirit—the spirit of Geneva—and the easing of tensions and so on. Then we woke up later to realise that little had really changed; that in fact none of the big issues dividing the world had been brought any nearer settlement.

I do not want to be depressing. I still think the visit was well worth while. But it does not help in the long run to get worked up to a sort of jubilant optimism, and then to run into the sharp disillusion of realities. So let us look at the realities now—at the actual result of conversations that ranged over almost every topic you can think of.

The first point to note is that on most of them, and these the most crucial ones, the final *communiqué* makes it clear that there was no agreement whatsoever: it does not even suggest that any progress was made towards agreement. On the whole complex of

European questions, including Germany, it says frankly that 'understanding was not reached'. On other 'unsettled international problems' (Asian as well as European) it says that 'both parties will strive to promote a solution in the interests of consolidating general peace'. That is one of those diplomatic 'formulae' which, in my experience, mean precisely nothing.

So over most of the field there was at the end nothing to report. One concludes that the talks have changed nothing; that we are just where we were. But there are exceptions. There are matters on which the *communiqué* has something to say. Let us look at them. First, disarmament: the key paragraph in the *communiqué* is, frankly, rather obscure; maybe deliberately so. Mr. Khrushchev, in last Friday's press conference was just as obscure. (Incidentally, how cleverly he and Mr. Bulganin did their job: they dealt with questions ably, good-temperedly, humorously. But what they said did not add much to the sum of human knowledge. Press conferences rarely do.) On disarmament, it all adds up, I am afraid, to 'no progress'. The United Nations Disarmament Subcommittee has its last meeting of the present series this week, and I fear that this is what it is going to have to report. As Mr. Khrushchev said at the press conference, the disarmament problem is in a bad way. It is in an incredible tangle that I cannot begin to discuss. But it is clear that the talks got nowhere.

Next, the Middle East—Arab-Israel relations. Here there cer-

*In a talk printed in THE LISTENER of April 26

certainly are signs of change. In fact they came before the London talks started, with a statement by the Moscow Foreign Office. The passage in the *communiqué* is almost a paraphrase of it. It seems to suggest that the Soviet Government is now ready to drop its all-out backing of the Arab States against Israel which started only a few months ago, and to co-operate, so to speak, impartially in a United Nations effort to get both an immediate easing of tension and then what the *communiqué* calls a 'peaceful settlement on a mutually acceptable basis'. That, to my mind, is about the most promising thing that comes out of the conversations. But I must strike another warning note. Many people have taken a remark by Mr.

Khrushchev in the press conference as meaning that the Soviet Government is now ready to stop sending (or allowing its satellites to send) arms to Egypt and the Arab States; or to join in a general agreement to limit the supply of arms both to the Arabs and to Israel. In fact he said nothing of the sort. My impression was that he was hinting at some sort of a bargain. Russia might stop backing the Arabs and stop the sending of arms to them—at a price: something, maybe, to do with the Baghdad Pact—which would be getting into deep and troubled waters.

Point three is Anglo-Soviet trade: this offer to buy £800,000,000 or even £1,000,000,000-worth of British goods over the next five years. Here I must really say: stop, look, listen. A proposal to raise our exports to Russia from the present £23,000,000 a year to £200,000,000 a year is an attractive one. But it is linked with the condition that we scrap the embargo on the export of 'strategic goods'—put on, by the way, at the time of the Berlin blockade. The Russians are plugging the theme that



Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Bulganin at the press conference held in the Central Hall, Westminster, on the morning of their departure

it is only the embargo that prevents a tremendous development of trade. But of the list of goods they have given, two-thirds are not affected by the embargo. They could start tomorrow buying, say, another £100,000,000-worth a year. Why don't they? I can give you one reason: how would they pay for them? The things we most need from overseas are in fact things that Russia cannot supply. But suppose they can pay. What, then, they seem to be saying is: 'We will buy more from you if you do something that we want politically from you. If you change your policy we will buy your goods'. That is a slippery slope to get on. Think over all the implications.

The last item is what is called 'contacts'. Here the two teams produced a joint declaration about the development of contacts that I find splendid if it really means what it says, about the exchange of culture and knowledge and personal visits. It is going to be a big step forward if it means that Russians are going to be able to buy *The Times* or the *Daily Herald* or British books in Moscow as freely as you can buy *Izvestia* or *Pravda* or Soviet books in London, if you want to; or listen to the B.B.C. as freely as we can listen to Moscow radio; or that Soviet and satellite citizens can leave their country as freely as you or I can leave this country if we want to go abroad. Maybe that is really coming. If it does, if the Iron Curtain is really going to be lifted, then it will be a very big thing indeed.

Why, having said all this, do I think the visit was worth while? Here are three reasons. First, the talks have, as I gather, been on both sides more frank and forthright than any I remember. Second, though it has become rather a *cliché*, there is a good deal to be said for 'personal contacts', for getting to know the other fellow; and I say this in spite of the fact that the Soviet leaders are obviously still angry about that dinner with the Labour Party Executive. Third, Mr. Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev, with all the inevitable limitations of such a visit, must have learned a good deal about us. Sir Anthony Eden has been in Russia I think three times before. I was with him the first time, back in 1936. I am looking forward to going with him again when he returns this visit—maybe next year.—*Home Service*



The Russian visitors waving farewell from the Russian cruiser *Ordzhonikidze* as they sailed from Portsmouth on April 27

Planning Britain's Coal Production

By JOHN RAVEN

THE Minister of Fuel, Mr. Aubrey Jones, has presented a Bill in the House of Commons to increase the borrowing powers of the National Coal Board. These are now limited to £300,000,000. This limit was fixed in 1951 to meet the Board's own estimates of the money needed to develop our coal industry between 1950 and 1965. The estimates were set out with appropriate arguments in a document called *Plan for Coal*, published by the Board six years ago. The money which was then placed at the disposal of the Board and which should have lasted for fifteen years is now nearly spent, and the new Bill is intended to give them a further national 'overdraft' of £350,000,000.

On the day that the Bill was presented in the Commons, the Coal Board itself published a document called *Investing in Coal*, a revised successor to *Plan for Coal*. The two documents make a striking contrast. In the first place, the Oliver Twists of the Coal Board are already asking for more, although enough porridge for another ten years ought still to be on their plates. The Board say that this is because they have modified some of their original schemes, some new major projects have been added, there have been errors in costing, and prices since 1949 have risen generally.

But even with this new proposed expenditure the promised dividend, the vital production figure for 1965, which in the 1950 plan was to be 240,000,000 tons, has been reduced to 230,000,000 tons. The Board give no clear explanation of this difference though they mention the problems of manpower availability and distribution in a period of full employment, and admit that *Plan for Coal* assumed an increase of 2½ per cent. in the attendance rate which was not forthcoming. In addition, manpower—which was to drop to 618,000 by 1965 according to *Plan for Coal*—is now unlikely to fall below 672,000. And even this figure is based on the assumption that Saturday working will continue, and implies that for the next fifteen years the Board will continue to reject proposals which the miners' leaders are now putting forward for shorter shifts and longer holidays.

Compared with *Plan for Coal*, therefore, the new blue-print offers us

substantially less coal for over twice the money. More men will have to be employed to get it, and this with increased interest charges will probably offset any economies in production. To sum it up, *Investing in Coal* gives us an idea of what the coal industry may look like and cost in 1965 in a constantly expanding economy. Take away that constantly expanding economy and you will have a third Coal Board Development plan by first post. I think it would be entitled *Buy More Coal*.

My own opinion of *Investing in Coal* is that guesses about what will happen in 1965, to a basic industry producing over 200,000,000 tons of a commodity every year in this precarious economy of ours, are more interesting than informative. But the general argument for investment in the coal industry is unassailable. It is this: if the industrial boom continues we must have every ton of coal we can raise to help meet growing fuel requirements as far as possible from our own resources; if, on the other hand, we run into economic setbacks, then the country will have a tremendous advantage if it is equipped with an efficient modern coal industry.

We must accept the Board's estimate of the likely cost of their proposals. On the other hand, those developments may have to be altered to meet changed circumstances, and the Minister has wisely announced his intention of reviewing the position not just every five years but every year. We ought, obviously, to increase efforts to save coal and to step up production by other means—such as intensified recruitment, better attendance, accelerated opencast working, and full use of existing machinery. Consider how much another 20,000,000 tons would mean to us today. In the shape of coal exports they would give the Treasury another £100,000,000 in the struggle to balance our international accounts.

So even if, like myself, you suspect that *Investing in Coal* will turn out in five years' time to be just as inaccurate in its own way as *Plan for Coal* has already proved, I think you will agree that we must still invest in our mines for the simple reason that a ton of coal is still among Britain's best bargains at home and abroad.

—'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

Aspects of Africa

Chronic Malnutrition in Africa

By THEODORE GILLMAN

IMAGINE that many of us, if asked to give a general impression of the people of Africa, would envisage badly housed, disease-ridden, and starving millions. For the black people this is largely true, except in one important respect—frank starvation is not a basic health problem in Africa. Starvation kills, but chronic malnutrition insidiously erodes the health of the people, and this is, perhaps, the most significant single factor directly and indirectly retarding African progress. Malnutrition among a population is like an iceberg in the sense that only a small part of the whole is readily visible. So it is to be expected that when, as occurs in Africa, a small proportion of the people regularly present themselves at hospitals in frank and acute nutritional failure that the majority, even of the seemingly healthy, will be found to suffer from chronic malnutrition.

We lack adequate statistics, but there are a few which will serve to sketch a rough pattern of life and death for Africans. These figures are taken from South Africa, but what I have to say applies in large measure to the continent as a whole. The average life expectancy of the African in the Union is estimated as thirty-six years. That among the European population is the same as for you in Britain, about seventy. On the Witwatersrand, that is to say a large urbanised area, where the death rate among Europeans was 7.6 per 1,000, that for Africans was 20.9. Sixty-seven per cent. of these African deaths were attributable to

diseases associated with malnutrition. In a large rural area, the Ciskei Native Reserve, a recent survey shows that of 1,000 African infants born alive, 242 died before the age of one year, 327 before two years, and 508 before they were eighteen.

The low life expectancy and high morbidity among the African people is obviously attributable to many socio-economic causes and cannot presently be regarded as a peculiar racial feature. Chronic malnutrition from infancy, and even from conception, is, as I have said, certainly among the most important direct and indirect factors sapping the vitality of the pigmented peoples of Africa. Several surveys among African school children have revealed that up to 60 to 70 per cent. are recognisably malnourished; 50 per cent. need nursing and medical attention, while almost 10 per cent. of children attending school may require hospitalisation for diseases directly or indirectly attributable to malnutrition. With this background in infancy and childhood, it is not really surprising that of Africans from Native territories applying for work on the gold mines, between 1940 and 1943, 25 per cent. were rejected as physically unfit.

The scientist must grapple with this gigantic and appalling problem before the doctor or administrator or employer can take any steps. We must first be clear about what we mean by malnutrition, for at the outset one must in all honesty say that, despite the rapid advances in

our knowledge of the chemistry of foods during the past two or three decades, we are still not able to state what is the ideal diet for human beings at different ages and under different physical and climatic conditions. We lack precise knowledge of the ways in which the foods we eat affect us, for good or ill. You, in the United Kingdom, could hardly avoid learning something of nutrition during the 'hungry 'forties'. But whatever you were told, or asked to do, was the best nutritionists had to offer at that time. This was indubitably helpful, but, all concerned in defining policy will I am sure readily agree that it was their best guess in your interests, rather than precise irrefutable fact.

Since the disease incidence and life span of a specific population of animals can be profoundly modified by their diet, it is justifiable to suggest that the same may hold true for man. This is supported by recent studies which have revealed a close relation between the caloric intake, and especially the fat content of the diet, of seemingly well-nourished human beings, and the frequency and early onset of coronary and other arterial diseases. Recent statistics show, for example, that in the U.S.A., by average standards, 35,000,000 (more than one-fifth) of the population of 165,000,000 are overweight. Such obesity is strongly suspected to predispose to diabetes, arterio-sclerosis, and kidney diseases.

Deficiency Diseases

The majority of African people consume diets which are inadequate both in quantity and in quality. So-called specific vitamin deficiency diseases are extremely common. As for quality, some confusion exists in the minds of the public and even of many nutritionists. It is of the greatest importance to realise that specific deficiency diseases can experimentally be produced in healthy animals only if a very special *combination* of foodstuffs is fed.

In other words, it is not only what is missing from the diet that is significant, but also what is present, and especially the combinations of nutrients. To take a simple example from some of our own experiments: if rats are fed, *ad lib.*, only on mealie meal porridge, they remain dwarfed, live for twelve to eighteen weeks, but fail to develop any obvious diseases; they are simply starved and stunted. However, if 10 per cent. of brewer's yeast, an excellent source of vitamin B complex and of vegetable protein, is added to the mealie meal, the rats may grow quite rapidly but almost 100 per cent. develop severe rickets with gross bony distortions in eight to ten weeks. Other diseases can be induced in rats eating a predominantly mealie meal diet, by adding allegedly good nutrients such as milk powder, soya bean meal, and vegetables. This is especially so if only one of these allegedly good foods is added to the grossly unsatisfactory mealie meal diet.

There are many other experiments recorded in the scientific literature proving that to supplement an inadequate diet, solely on the basis of its chemically determined constitution and without meticulous attention to the biological actions of its component foods, may increase the severity of the primary inadequacies of that diet. Moreover, it is now well established that harmful or even frankly toxic effects can result from the addition of an excess of one allegedly good nutrient to an inadequate diet, especially when consumed by an already malnourished individual.

The relevance of this to the human problem will be clear. At least until we are fully acquainted with the *metabolic* effects and special needs evoked by the qualitatively inadequate diets, which are the rule in Africa, we cannot easily recommend single or even multiple artificial supplements, purely on the basis of *chemical* analysis of these diets.

Starving people do not develop degenerative nutritional diseases, like pellagra or beri-beri. They are not consuming enough to be stimulated metabolically, to the point where they break down with deficiency diseases. The inmates of Belsen and other concentration camps were virtually free of scurvy, pellagra, and other nutritional syndromes. For the most part they simply burnt their own body tissues to provide the minimal energy needed to maintain essential life processes, thus gradually wasting away to death. The reasonable conclusion to be drawn from both animal experiments and human evidence is that, to develop degenerative nutritional diseases, it is necessary to eat enough food of inadequate quality. This is what occurs in most backward countries, like Africa.

To come to the awkward question of defining malnutrition, I would like, on the basis of these considerations, to suggest as a working definition that any individual is malnourished if he consumes a diet which actively promotes degenerative diseases. Thus, overweight Americans who develop fatal cardiac and other diseases prematurely, are malnourished, albeit in a way different from the underweight stunted African, who develops pellagra or chronic liver diseases, who is

unduly susceptible to infection, and who dies before the age of forty.

It is not scientifically justifiable to regard the African pellagrin as suffering from an acute deficiency disease, curable in a short while with single or even with multiple vitamin supplements. His diet is deficient quantitatively, that is, in calories, as well as vitamins. His diet is also grossly unbalanced, in that his staple foods, such as maize, cassava, or plantains, are defective in many respects and force his body to metabolise such foods in particular ways, thereby promoting the need for additional foodstuffs—about which we still know too little to be practically helpful.

A true perspective on the effects of *chronic* malnutrition can be attained only if attention is diverted from the rather startling acute episodes of nutritional collapse among adult Africans. The effects of chronic malnutrition are less obvious, but more subtle, more fundamental and far more devastating. The mothers are malnourished from their infancy, and, with the physiological strains imposed by childbearing, become progressively more so, ageing rapidly with each succeeding pregnancy. Consequently, even the foetus may be malnourished. With such an unsatisfactory nutritional background, it is surprising that if he does survive beyond the age of three years, the African child between the ages of four and fourteen, whilst stunted and weak, nevertheless seems immune to acute nutritional breakdowns. Yet, the later history of such children reveals how dearly they have paid to maintain such immunity. At twenty to twenty-five, to those inexperienced in dealing with Africans, they look twenty or thirty years older. They present themselves at hospitals by the tens of thousands, with chronic and, at present, incurable liver diseases, with premature heart failure, and frequently apathetic or even demented. Strangely enough, cancers, apart from those affecting the female breast and genital tract, are relatively rare among the Africans. This may well be due to the fact that the African simply fails to live to the more advanced age when cancers are most common in Europeans. However, when the African male does develop cancer, it afflicts him between the ages of fifteen and thirty-five, and then most frequently it is primary cancer of his liver—a condition extremely rare among Europeans.

There are many, too, who claim that the African's mind is inferior to that of the European. Apart from the inadequate home environment and poor school facilities, the mental sluggishness, which the African often does seem to manifest, may be expected purely on nutritional grounds. I mentioned that chronic, progressive liver diseases are among the most frequent repercussions of life-long malnutrition on the African. It is known that in the presence of non-nutritional chronic liver disease the brain is frequently simultaneously damaged. Thus, in the African, low-grade chronic cerebral damage may well be due indirectly to chronic malnutritional liver injuries. In view of this, and of many other adverse environmental factors, it is unjustifiable to regard the African as inheriting an inferior mental capacity. What he does inherit is a way of living which virtually commits him to a life pattern which invites physical and mental catastrophe.

Supplementing Inadequate Diets

How, then, are we to deal with this grave and urgent problem? How rehabilitate those surviving despite the chronic and progressive damage they harbour? I cannot avoid concluding, sadly, that for the diffusely injured adult little can be done apart from providing him with nutritional crutches. You may say that it would be both humanely and economically desirable, even as an interim measure, to tinker with the grossly inadequate diets of the majority of Africans, by adding one or more nutrients in the hope at least of ameliorating a critical situation. But we still do not know how to improve such diets by supplements, especially if, as in Africa, a single natural food is used as a staple comprising more than 75 to 80 per cent. of the total caloric intake. In our attempts to find such simple supplements, which could with safety be added to diets comprised primarily of maize, or of other staples, we have conducted literally hundreds of experiments in animals. And, until we do find the answers, we are confounded by the ample evidence substantiating the view—first put forward ten years ago from South Africa—that, in the wrong dietary setting, a good food may indeed promote disease. It seems to me necessary, in our present ignorance, to warn against such steps. There is scarcely any other way whereby it is possible, wittingly or unwittingly, to inflict such widespread bodily harm on so many people as tampering, incorrectly, with a nation's diet.

Yet the situation is not entirely hopeless. The present tasks of science are to determine the precise relations between dietary habits, longevity,

(continued on page 549)

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the Russian visit

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

John Maynard Keynes

IT is just over ten years since John Maynard Keynes died, at the relatively early age of sixty-two. A successful and wealthy man—he left nearly half a million—he had worn himself out during the war in the service of his country. It is natural that his friends and pupils should ask themselves today what this great economist would have been thinking about our present national position if he had lived until now. Had he wished to do so, no one would have been better qualified to speculate on this question than Professor R. F. Kahn, whose Third Programme talk on Lord Keynes and inflation (in which he repudiates guesswork) is printed on another page. For years Mr. Kahn worked in the closest association with Keynes at King's College, Cambridge, and was one of his executors. One of Mr. Kahn's articles on 'Home Investment and Unemployment' had a crucial influence on Keynes' economic thought which reached its apogee in his remarkable book *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*. Keynes was never a purely academic economist and was always anxious to appeal not merely to his fellow scientists but to a more general public. He was deeply concerned over the practical problems of life; like other distinguished thinkers who reached the height of their powers in the 'twenties and 'thirties, he was absorbed by the problem of unemployment. And several of the financial and statistical institutions that have emerged as a result of the experiences of that time owe much to Keynes' teaching and advocacy.

Now the wheel has turned full circle. Twenty years after Keynes' masterpiece was published we are no longer confronted by the misery of general unemployment but we are perplexed by the continuously precarious balance-of-payments problem of a nation that is fully employed. It is not easy to fathom how Keynes might have reacted to this situation. Professor Kahn shows that he might well have been surprised at the virtual disappearance of unemployment and that he could not have expected the huge burden of defence expenditure that we are still required to sustain. Professor Tress, in an article in *The Observer*, considers that a policy of 'confident expansionism' might have attracted his imagination. One thing seems certain. Keynes would scarcely have attached so much importance to the rate of interest as do more traditionally-minded economists. *Per contra* he might perhaps have favoured import control.

However, these questions, fascinating as they are, must remain a matter for experts. To the layman, reflecting upon Keynes' life, what is most striking is his extraordinary integrity of intellect and versatility of outlook. Not only was he an outstanding economist but a fine logician and mathematician. 'The most substantial joys I get', he once said, 'are from the perception of logical arguments'. He did not suffer fools gladly, but would exert himself unstintingly for men and causes he valued. He was a liberal-minded patriot whose interests were by no means confined to purely scientific problems. His love of painting, music, the theatre and other arts was keen and active. The Cambridge Arts Theatre, the Arts Council, the present prosperity of King's College are all monuments to the variety of his genius. Few men of our time have left behind them so many positive contributions to civilisation. To economic theory he gave what Mr. Kahn calls 'a new apparatus of rational thought' by means of linguistic definitions; to public finance he suggested a wider and firmer approach; and in culture he upheld the highest standards by means of an intelligent patronage for which all of us today have cause to be grateful.

THE ATTITUDE of the British press to the visit to Britain of Mr. Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev would seem to have exacerbated some of the radio commentators of the communist world. A Moscow home service speaker, reviewing the comments of British newspapers, complained that:

certain English newspapers apparently think that freedom of the press, which is much spoken of here, is freedom from the responsibility of objectively reflecting public opinion

—and added that they had tried to propagate the idea that the talks had come up against insurmountable difficulties. These contentions are undoubtedly inspired by quarters which have been at pains to prevent agreement being reached and to poison the atmosphere.

The sharp exchange of opinions between Mr. Khrushchev and the British Labour leaders at the dinner with the Labour Party Executive was not given much publicity in eastern Europe. Moscow radio, quoting *Izvestia*, complained that instead of trying to find a common language and remove misunderstandings between Britain and the Soviet Union, the Labour leaders had seized upon the 'moribund cold-war method'. A Hungarian home commentator declared that:

Of course, there were people to whom the visit caused displeasure and there were even instances of violent argument, as illustrated by the events at the Labour Party dinner. All this bears out Khrushchev's statement that it was far easier to spoil relations than to lead them into the right channels. We shall hardly be wrong, however, in asserting that all this will be conducive in effect to clearing away misunderstandings.

Mr. Khrushchev's statement about the hydrogen bomb and his brusqueness at the dinner are attributed by *The New York Times* to his pique at the coldness of the British reaction to his visit. The newspaper says:

This is the first visit by the Soviet leaders to a great democratic power that is completely committed to the West and to anti-communism... Perhaps Messrs. Bulganin and Khrushchev are quite simply bewildered. They have come up against some realities on their British trip and they do not seem to like it.

On the results of the visit of the Soviet leaders and of their talks with Sir Anthony Eden, there is comment on both sides of the Curtain. Moscow radio, quoting *Pravda*, had this to say:

This agreement can undoubtedly become a starting point in the development of co-operation between the two powers for the benefit of peace, security, and welfare of the peoples. The usefulness of the talks between the Soviet and the British leaders is indubitable. The visit of Mr. Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev was a major event in the development of Anglo-Soviet relations, and in the development of relations between East and West.

French, Italian, and Austrian Communist newspapers express the view that, as the Italian Communist *l'Unità* puts it:

the principle of coexistence has been solemnly ratified and it is the first time one of the Western Powers accepted this as a fundamental principle of its international relations.

The independent press on the Continent, however, disagrees and suggests that no solution has been reached on the chief problems dividing the world, and that the Soviet attitude has not changed since Geneva. A Swiss newspaper, *Gazette de Lausanne*, makes this comment:

On their way home, the Soviet leaders will have time once more to read through the *communiqué*. They may yet find something positive in the obvious emptiness of the words. The mutual assurances are nothing new and bind no one. The promises to preserve peace, advance disarmament, and develop East-West contacts too are not unknown. The British even had to issue a *communiqué* on their own reaffirming that German reunification will remain a basic principle of their policy. On this important point Moscow has given no indication... that it has any interest in Germany's reunification.

The only direct attack on the London talks came from Egypt, where the visit was viewed in the light of the recent Soviet statement on Middle East problems. The Cairo home service commentator said:

Egypt will be quite unmoved by whatever may be said in the talks between the Russians and the British. The people who have rejoiced over the Russian statement and labelled it anti-Egyptian are the same people who were, until a few days ago, accusing Egypt of serving Russian interests in the Middle East. We do not care a farthing about these talks in London: whether they succeed or fail, this region will march forward to complete freedom, relying solely on itself.

Did You Hear That?

'B. AND K.' AT OXFORD

'WHEN I ARRIVED back at Oxford', said JOHN PHIPPS in a Midland Home Service talk, 'the first piece of news was that B. and K. were coming. They were to visit my college. The previous Saturday, when I was at home, the Coventry Ukrainians were out: yellow leaflets thrust into people's hands, pointing out the hideosities of Moscow. At Oxford, the visit was discussed as a sort of joke. Sinister men were seen in college, looking through windows, fingerprinting, making secret reports on the dons. But the general attitude was off-hand. We were used to tourists. The lawns were mowed, some seats painted. Yet something was lacking.

'The Saturday came. Most of the college had examinations in the morning, so few of us had time to spare for thoughts of the visit till the afternoon. But before 3.20 a number of undergraduates had collected by the gate. Dons were not so much in evidence; still, most of them happened around.

'The flag was pulled down to half mast by someone; the Home Bursar, an army man, hastily pulled it up again. The college was unnaturally calm; all other tourists had been excluded and only members were allowed inside. The angular figure of the President, in cap and gown, could be seen at the open gate. Through the gate we glimpsed the pressed faces of the crowd. Then somebody blew the Last Post on a trumpet. The black cars drew up. The President stepped forward.

'Next thing was, you might say, anticlimax. The two figures, quite short, hatless, in double-breasted suits, were coming down the path. Three or four newspaper photographers went before, turning and snapping them, like little dogs on a walk. They passed the waiting undergraduates, raised their hands. Then we knew what we had forgotten. We had not composed our faces. What is the correct way of greeting, as a crowd, men whose purposes are unclear, whose smiles suspect, who are, so they say, despots, tyrants, a species of beast? Especially when they smile, wave, bring gifts, look human.

'We clapped or were silent, curious. We didn't know what to do. Then someone noticed a tall, bearded man amongst them. A long, silky beard, he had. "Rasputin". Laughter. And that began it. Everybody followed the Russians, all round the college. An undergraduate who had been studiously reading *War and Peace* threw down the book and followed. An eminent Fellow said "Where are the brutes now?" and went to see. In the cloisters, they were practically jostled. They could not complain about not getting access to the public. They could have shaken hands with me several times.

'They walked all round the college. They saw the lawns and the buildings and the blossom. They saw A. J. P. Taylor in a window of New Buildings, and he saw them. They even went into the chapel. They signed an autograph book—the ancient history tutor, he whose clear eyes see right through the pretence and propaganda of the Roman Empire, right to its corrupt heart—his son got the signature.

'They congratulated the weather. They asked about the boater a boy from the choir school was wearing. They were told about the singing on the tower on May morning, and asked why. An undergraduate said "hello" in Russian. Bulganin lightly patted his cheek. Instantly a reporter asked what he had said, then, "Where did you

learn your Russian?" They came to the gate again. The President, B. and K., all got safely out, but by this time the retinue of Russians was not to be distinguished from the accompanying mass of members of the college. The gateway was jammed. An anxious official asked, "Are all the Russians out?" It was by no means obvious.

'But outside was the crowd, most cheering, some booing, some singing "Poor Old Joe". Leaflets were thrown, and over all the evil roar of the Thunderbirds of the motor-cycle police, like a chorus of hellhounds. Our hate complexes revived'.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CRICKET

GORDON JEFFERY spoke about eighteenth-century cricket as played at Hambledon in a talk in 'Window on the West'. 'In one period of ten years', he said, 'the Hambledon Club beat All England teams no less than twenty-nine times. Not all—in fact not many—of the players were

Hambledon men by birth or occupation. Some were—Richard and John Nyren for example, and George Leer. But a number of the players had to travel long distances to play. Noah Mann lived in Sussex and John Wells and George Beldham had to ride something like thirty miles each way for their games at Broadhalfpenny Down.

'When we talk about the Hambledon Club we ought to stress the word "club"—because it did exist for something more than the cricket itself. The club motto in fact was "Wine, Cricket and Song" and the accounts show as much expenditure on the wine as on the cricket. Maybe it is not coincidence that the players numbered not only one landlord in Richard Nyren but had also

William Barber, who was landlord of the "Bat and Ball" after Nyren moved into the village and took over the George Inn, and Peter Stewart who kept the "Green Man"—also in Hambledon.

'The wicket had two stumps—22 inches high and 6 inches apart—usually with a single bail across. There was a hole between the stumps—large enough to receive the ball—which served the double purpose of a block hole for the curved bat and for the putting out of a batsman by the wicket-keeper. This last was a most hazardous move for the keeper and resulted in a number of serious injuries to their hands. This—and a wish to shorten the game—was one reason which encouraged moves for the introduction of the three-stump wicket. These old-time players were not fast-scoring, lusty hitters. John Small once made only fourteen runs in two-and-three-quarter hours. The grounds were in the main bumpy and uneven and they favoured the bowlers. But a poor view was taken of the batsman who took guard with a bat wide enough to cover the entire wicket, and a law was made limiting the width of the bat. Bowling was underarm in those days but it was often exceedingly fast and the ball could rise alarmingly off the pitch, either by design or by the accident of the ground surface. Batsmen were not protected with pads or gloves.

'When the Hambledon Club began playing, the normal attire was velvet cap, knee-breeches and stockings—and buckled shoes. The shoes in particular were most unsuitable, and there is a record of John Wells "tearing his finger-nail against his shoe buckle in picking up a ball". Later, in 1791, the Hambledon men appeared in sky-blue coats with black velvet collars and with the letters C.C. engraved on the buttons.



Cricket in the eighteenth century

'Picture Post' Library

Top-hats and drain-pipe trousers were early-Victorian attire for cricket and led to a law being introduced penalising a fieldsman who stopped the ball with his hat.

'The scene on the lovely ground on Broadhalfpenny Down must have been more like Derby day than a modern Test match. There were gaily decorated carts and wagons lining the field of play and a multitude of refreshment booths and tents—a special one for "the quality", another for the players, and a third for the ladies. Most of the Hambleton matches were played for £500 a side but it should be remembered that a match usually meant the best out of three games—not a single game. And betting in plenty was involved'.

MYSTERIES OF BOROBUDUR

Archaeologists have recently been discussing the origin and decline of one of the most remarkable temples in the world, that of Borobudur in Java. COLIN JACKSON spoke about the temple in 'The Eye-witness'.

'Borobudur, "the monastery on the hill"', he said, 'is one of the greatest Buddhist temples in all the world. I did the trip to it—it lies some twenty-five miles from Jokjakarta—by car through the vivid green patchwork of rice and the red roofs of the villages. And then, deep in the countryside, round a sharp bend, the huge temple loomed up in front of us, on a grassy slope—sprawling, massive, and grey, over many acres. And mounting up in nine terraces to a height of well over 100 feet, the temple was capped by a huge, inverted, bell-shaped dome called a "stupa".'

'Borobudur has a dark, brooding magnificence. I could see tiny ant-like figures (tourists) clambering up the giant terraces. Yet the dominant impression was not of human activity, but of an overwhelming loneliness that seemed to hang over the temple. I asked how this huge monument came to be built so far away from any city, and was told that over a thousand years ago a great civilisation flourished in central Java. Thousands of builders worked to build what was to have been the greatest of all temples. They carved the terraces of Borobudur with many thousands of beautiful figures of Buddha, and at last they completed their temple, and then, all of a sudden, they left it—the people fled. Central Java was deserted. No one today knows just why the people panicked and left. Perhaps, I was told, a rival kingdom conquered them and carried them off to slavery; perhaps an evil spirit cursed the spot.

'At any rate, disaster struck, and as year followed year, and century came after century, the jungle advanced on Borobudur; creeper spread up the terraces; trees grew up all round, and the temple was lost and forgotten. It was not until the beginning of the last century that a famous English explorer, Sir Stamford Raffles, stumbled on this monument buried deep in the forest. Since then, of course, it has been restored in all its glories. But the mystery of why so many thousands of people spent so many years building it, and then suddenly left it, forever remains unexplained.

'There is another mystery about this great Buddhist temple. On its lower terraces there are many thousands of carvings which set out the life story of Buddha. They are in superb detail—even down to the smiles on the figures' faces. But as you climb higher from terrace to terrace you cannot help noticing that the detail grows less marked. If the Buddhas on the first terrace are startlingly life-like, those on the higher terraces are less definite in form—rather they could be said to be not carvings of man, but merely representing what a Buddhist would call the "spirit of contemplation".

'Finally, above the whole structure is this giant, bell-shaped dome or stupa. This dome contains a room—an empty room. Down on the ground, beside the temple, there is the figure of a half-completed Buddha, and the question is: Was that last great dome left empty to represent the final triumph of spirit over matter, or was the statue of Buddha on the ground originally meant to be installed, as it were, on the pinnacle of the temple, and, if so, was it left uncompleted to illustrate the Buddhist conception of "formlessness as the ideal shape"?'.

NORTH-COUNTRY ALMSHOUSES

'The oldest almshouse I have ever seen', said BERTHA LONSDALE in a talk in 'The Northcountryman', 'is a curious little building in Barnard Castle. It was part of a home for three poor women, built in 1230. The man who paid for it was John Balliol—the same man who founded Balliol College, Oxford. He was lord of the castle which his grandfather, Barnard, had built—and he was Regent of the Northern Kingdom. But he took the time and trouble to endow this little almshouse.

It was really a Bedehouse; that is, the inmates were expected to pray for the founder. There cannot have been much need for the old women to pray for Balliol's happiness with his wife, Devorguilla. Their love story is one of the romances of the age of chivalry. It ended in Devorguilla founding Sweetheart Abbey, near Dumfries, in memory of her husband.

'The almshouse must have been pretty comfortable for its time. The old women were provided with firing in the winter and a purse of money every year. After several hundred years the building ceased to be an almshouse. But the money went on accumulating until, in the end, it was handed over to a school in Barnard Castle.

'There are some almshouses in Halifax which were started 400 years later than Balliol's and by a different kind of man. Nathaniel Waterhouse was wealthy, sober-minded, and, I imagine, he always had an eye to the main chance. When he had amassed a certain amount of money, I suppose like many other people he thought he would bolster up his reputation by "giving to charity". So he built a poorhouse. This was not exactly a charitable institution because Waterhouse actually obtained a royal charter empowering him to collar and take into his poorhouse all "idle vagabonds, ruffians and sturdy beggars and set them to work spinning wool". Most likely he would make enough profit from their work to keep the poorhouse going—unless the ruffians and sturdy beggars got wind of the place and gave Halifax a wide berth.

'Perhaps Waterhouse mellowed later on. Because before he died, in 1645, he built some genuine almshouses for poor old people, near the parish church. And he endowed these so munificently that 200 years later they were replaced by a row of fine-looking new ones.

'The almshouses in Linton-in-Craven were founded by another rather hard man. His name was Richard Fountaine. The houses stand in a row beside the village green and have a grand, imposing appearance. There is a chapel in the middle of the row, surmounted by a tower. And Fountaine laid it down firmly that if the old men and women did not attend services there regularly, twice a week, they were to be turned out.

'Fountaine was a Linton boy who went to London and made a fortune in a rather macabre fashion. When London was riddled with the plague of 1664, he was one of the few who recovered from the disease. So he was immunised. He turned this to profitable account by acting as undertaker to wealthy families. I sometimes wonder if he had an uneasy conscience at cashing in on a public disaster and whether this made him lavish money on these almshouses'.



Carvings illustrating the life of Buddha, on the temple of Borobudur, Java

Lord Keynes and Inflation

The first of two talks by R. F. KAHN

I AM not intending in these talks to try to guess what Keynes would be thinking or saying if he were alive today. But one thing does seem certain and that is he would have been very surprised by present-day unemployment figures. In 1944 in a letter to Lord Beveridge, whose book about *Full Employment in a Free Society* had just appeared, he remarked: 'No harm in aiming at three per cent. unemployment, but I shall be surprised if we succeed'. Today we have an unemployment figure of about one per cent.

'Strenuous Brain-twisters'

I do not want to suggest that Keynes would have been unfavourably surprised by the lengths to which full employment has been taken. He always believed that we can and should adjust our ideas to the pressure of experience. 'Is it vain', he asked in an article published in America in 1940*, 'to suppose that a democracy can be wise and sensible? Must the poison of popular politics make impotent every free community? So much hangs on the issue that it is our duty to believe that we can do what we should, until the opposite is proved'. But he warned his readers that 'the new and unfamiliar aspects of the social scene' would present some 'strenuous brain-twisters'. And, towards the end of the war, in a letter to Mr. T. S. Eliot, Keynes wrote that the maintenance of full employment required that we should be 'not only good but clever. . . . It may turn out, I suppose, that vested interests and personal selfishness may stand in the way. But the main task is producing first the intellectual conviction and then intellectually to devise the means'.

Once a high level of employment began to present itself as a real possibility, it became obvious that the behaviour of money wages was going to offer a major problem. Here, wrote Keynes, 'a communist country is in a position to be very successful. Some people argue that a capitalist country is doomed to failure because it will be found impossible in conditions of full employment to prevent a progressive increase of wages. According to this view severe slumps and recurrent periods of unemployment have been hitherto the only effective means of holding efficiency wages within a reasonably stable range. Whether this is so remains to be seen. The more conscious we are of this problem, the likelier shall we be to surmount it†. And, again: 'It is one of the chief tasks ahead of our statesmanship to find a way to prevent' money wages from forever soaring upwards‡.

Two Elements in Inflation

The inflation which the Government is at present so much concerned about is made up of two related but distinct elements. One element lies in the fear—or the fact—of money wage rates rising too fast. The other element arises from the possibility that, apart from rising wages, we are in purely physical terms extracting too much from the economic system, or at least trying to extract too much—that the pressure of the various demands on our productive resources is too heavy, with the result that we are liable to do relatively too much of one thing and too little of another. At the moment the Government is expressing concern both about wage inflation and about excessive demand, and in discussion the two seem to get inextricably mixed. But the wage inflation has been going on fairly steadily, not only in periods, like the present one, when demand can be said to be excessive, but also in periods when there was actually more slack in the system than was felt to be desirable. For example, Mr. Butler in his 1953 Budget was not deterred by the thought of rising wages and prices from giving the system some boosts. This, I feel, was fortunate, even though one wished that he had concentrated more on direct boosts to investment and had done less, by means of taxation reliefs, to boost consumption. If three years ago the regulation of the economy had been conducted with an eye to the behaviour of wages rather than to the level of activity, it would have meant not only the persistence but the aggravation of economic waste—of unemployment as a means of checking wage increases. (Denmark today provides an impressive indication of the amount of unemployment

required to act as a moderating—and not so very moderating at that—influence on wage increases. Denmark's restrictive measures have in fact added considerably to her unemployment, but nevertheless it has been necessary to resort to statutory action to control wages and prices.)

People sometimes talk as though the behaviour of money wages depends on the readiness with which the banks are prepared to supply the necessary money. In fact, Keynes himself talked exactly like that in 1925. But as his ideas developed he conceived of the wage bargain in common-sense, hard-headed terms of trade-union officials and employers' representatives. Credit conditions affect the outcome in so far as they affect the profitability of business and the superabundance or scarcity of labour, but not in any other way. In the Keynesian system the money wage is the fulcrum on which the price structure rests. The behaviour of prices depends on that of money wages rather than the other way round. And a movement of money wages brings about a more or less proportionate movement of prices, after allowance is made for improvements in productivity. Keynes worked it out for conditions of economic depression. The outcome of wage bargaining affected the price level, but not real wages or employment, except very indirectly.

The same idea was used by Keynes when he tackled the problem of inflation presented by the war. In his pamphlet, *How to Pay for the War*, published in 1940, Keynes argued that 'a demand on the part of the trade unions for an increase in money rates of wages to compensate for every increase in the cost of living is futile, and greatly to the disadvantage of the working class. . . . In their minds and hearts the leaders of the trade unions know this as well as anyone else. . . . But they dare not abate their demands until they know what alternative plan is offered. This is legitimate. No coherent plan has yet been put up to them'.

Treating the Public as Responsible Beings

What is the case today for offering some coherent scheme of thought to the trade unions as opposed to just nagging at them in the hope that nagging will do more good than harm? Keynes believed in treating the public as responsible beings, individually and collectively. And he believed in presenting to them the essence of the problem in common-sense physical terms rather than in the form of mystical claptrap. What would this involve today? First, one would want to enquire into the motivation of individual wage claims. There is the question of the part played by competitive bidding between employers at a time of labour shortage. It is curious that no reference is made to this in the Government's recent White Paper on *The Economic Implications of Full Employment*; in a similar White Paper issued in February 1948, the Labour Government of the time appealed to industrial employers not to bid wages up competitively above the levels determined by collective agreements. More important, under our system of wage bargaining there is the constant competitive struggle going on between trade unions to keep up with one another. If any one trade union lags behind the other, the real wages of its members are liable actually to fall as a result of the rise of prices caused by wage increases secured by other unions. In this sense it is a matter of resisting a fall in real wages rather than of pressing for a rise. And this seems to point to the need for some co-ordination of wage negotiations in different industries.

This brings us to the crucial point—the need to get the trade unions' representatives to consider the wage level as a whole and not in terms of the sectional interests of individual trade unions or workers. No serious person is going to ask for a wage freeze: if real wages are to rise at all with increasing productivity it is better to rely on a slow rise of money wages than on a fall of prices, which are usually sticky. The extremely awkward problem of relative wages and wage differentials is then less difficult to handle. But when all that has been said and done, it remains broadly true that the standard of living depends on the physical realities of the situation and not on the behaviour of money wages. By the physical realities I mean the quantity of consumer goods which it is physically possible and worth while to produce, and the

* *New Republic*, July 29, 1940

† *Economic Journal*, June-September 1943, page 187

‡ *Economic Journal*, December 1944, page 430

total amount of employment, including all the employment on things other than consumer goods—things such as defence and investment. These two quantities—the quantities of consumer goods and total employment—have to be fitted to one another, due allowance being made for saving. The fit is secured by the real wage being established at the necessary level. The process is the pressure of demand on the supply of consumer goods. This determines the extent to which prices are held up above money wages—the ratio of one to the other, rather than the absolute level of either—and it also determines the level of profits, which in so far as devoted to consumption reduce the amount of consumer goods available to support the real wage. And, of course, fiscal policy, taxation and so on, also plays a fundamental part.

The Government and the Trade Unions

The approach by the Government to the trade union leaders which I am visualising would be based on the belief that a proper balance between imports and exports can and must be established. This I shall return to in my second talk. Obviously, also, it would be aimed at ensuring that once a balance had been established it would not be disturbed, at least for some time to come, through our wage costs going up faster than costs in other countries. The object of the approach should be to investigate how far there was common ground on the question of the right use to make of the country's productive power. The heavy burden of defence would perhaps have to be taken as given, or reserved for discussion on some other occasion, and it might be thought right to apply the same procedure to the burdens of housing, the social services, and such-like. It then becomes a matter of the right division of what is left between consumption and productive investment in extending and improving the equipment of industry. One would assume a continued growth of productivity; one would be dealing mainly with the destinations of the growth of production in the immediate future rather than holding a *post-mortem* on the use of productive power in the immediate past.

This kind of picture is familiar to us. Ever since Sir Kingsley Wood's Budget of April 1941, about eight months after Keynes entered the Treasury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in presenting his Budget proposals, has dealt not only with the financial resources of the Exchequer but also with the physical resources of the nation. Dr. Hugh Dalton has told us that this 'new approach to budgetary policy owes more to Keynes than to any other one man'; he says that 'what he launched was one of the intellectual revolutions of our time'.* The Budget statement has been assisted by the annual statistical publication, which also first appeared in April 1941, again as a result of Keynes' initiative, and which has developed, thanks to the work of Keynes' collaborators and their successors in Whitehall, into our magnificent annual statements of 'National Income and Expenditure'.

The trade-union leaders will point out that a considerable amount of consumption is done by classes of the community other than their own. If their co-operation is to be secured it will be necessary to satisfy them that this is adequately recognised in the incidence of taxation. In particular, they will need to be satisfied about taxation of profits, and probably about measures to control monopoly profits, including perhaps price control of essential commodities.

A Matter of Choice

Granted all that, it then does become a matter of a choice on behalf of wage-earners themselves between consumption and investment—between the interests of the immediate and of the more distant future. The bigger the restraints which are imposed on investment, the bigger the possible rise in the immediate standard of living. But it is a once-and-for-all rise. It will be secured at the expense of productive investment and therefore of the growth of productivity, and it will mean that at somewhat more distant dates the standard of living will rise less rapidly, and will in fact be lower, than the levels which it would have attained had the restraints on investment been less severe. Any agreement which could in this sort of way be arrived at as to the best balance between higher investment and higher consumption could easily be translated into terms of a suitable wages policy.

This may sound unpractical. But it seems to me to make better sense than the present arrangement, under which the Government is working in the dark. Its policy is influenced by the threat of rapidly rising money wages, but it does not know how far this threat implies a definite desire to sacrifice future improvements in the standard of living to the interests of the present. Not that this question of the

right balance between consumption and investment lends itself to dogmatic assertion. In 1943 Keynes was discussing this point with Mr. Josiah Wedgwood and wrote: 'It would be in the interests of the standard of life in the long run if we increased our capital quite materially. After twenty years of large-scale investment I should expect to have to change my mind'.

The statistical record of our productive investment in recent years is not in fact impressive. We are cruelly hampered by the heavy burden of defence, falling with particular weight on the metal industries, on which we have to call for so much of our investment as well as of our exports. But it is not only a question of having the physical resources available for investment. What is also necessary is the urge on the part of business men to expand and re-equip. So much depends on what Keynes, in his *General Theory*, called 'animal spirits—a spontaneous urge to action rather than inaction'. The business man is a sensitive animal. That is why it is so important at the present time to try to take advantage of the buoyancy of his spirits rather than to suppress them.

Case for Higher Taxation?

But to do so investment must be allowed to increase, and if this is to happen without additional inflationary pressure it means restraint on consumption. This is where taxation plays a vital part, taxation designed to build up a Budget surplus. Mr. Macmillan is budgeting for a fine 'above the line' surplus—to the tune of about £450,000,000 a year. But this magnificent result is an inheritance, the automatic effect of prosperity on the yield of existing taxes. It was unthinkable that he could have given any substantial part of it away. Some of us feel that he should have added to this surplus by imposing yet more drastic taxes. But at least we can all agree that the decision to keep public saving going on this scale is a tribute to Keynes' teaching, even though Mr. Macmillan describes 'public saving' as 'a hateful phrase'. The lapse of ten years has not dulled the edge of at least this tool in the Keynes apparatus of thought, about which the White Paper on *Full Employment* of May 1944 was half-hearted, suggesting, in typical civil-service jargon, that 'it might well become a matter for consideration whether in prosperous times rather more taxation should be raised than was necessary for the Budget requirements of the year'.

Clearly the effect of high taxation in discouraging outlay should be tried before recourse is had to a high rate of interest', Keynes wrote in July 1939.† Even then, with the war clouds gathering, he thought it for the time being right 'not to discourage private enterprise . . . more than is necessary'. Today so much turns on increasing our productivity, and this calls for a high rate of investment. Credit restriction means restraint on investment—that is how it works.

This is the hard truth which Keynes first started preaching in his *Treatise* of 1930. Even today attempts are still made to escape from the harsh physical realities which Keynes emphasised back into the old-fashioned world of mumbo-jumbo, in which the economy yields to a few waves of the magic wand of credit. Such attempts to avoid the awkward implications of a policy of credit restriction and dear money usually involve recourse to some manifestation of what is called the quantity theory of money, the idea that inflation is the direct cause of expansion of credit rather than physically too much investment and consumption, no matter how brought about. The quantity theory supports the comfortable notion that restriction of credit is an end rather than merely a means and that it will do the trick without the necessity, which on the face of it seems paradoxical, for dealing with rising costs and foreign competition by restraining business men from extending and improving their productive equipment. The quantity theory mentality is far less common today but the subject is one on which Keynes was involved in continual controversies. One of them was in 1940 with the editor of the *Financial News*, to whom, in a published letter, he offered the following advice: 'If you are not too old, as to which I have no information, I strongly recommend an operation. By modern methods an inflamed Quantity Theory can be removed with much less danger than formerly'.

Nowadays, the rational approach to these problems is the normal one and the magic wand has been largely discarded. As an example of the rational approach, I would quote Mr. Macmillan's appeal, made in the House of Commons on February 17, to business men who are not directly hit by the credit squeeze to restrain their investment as though they were. That is a frank admission of what the need for a credit squeeze really entails and of its arbitrary incidence. Keynes taught the importance of being purposive in policy and action—of having a

* H. Dalton: *Principles of Public Finance*, fourth edition, page 221

† *The Times*, July 24, 1939

rational view of aim and purpose and method. To Keynes the credit instrument was just a means.

As the war approached he successfully persuaded the authorities to place their reliance on other means, more suited for the purposes of war, of directing and controlling the economy. As Mr. Harrod puts it in his great *Life of Keynes*, 'He had indeed the right to claim that his theoretical work between the wars had revolutionised the modes of thinking of economists upon inflation. They had long ceased to regard inflation primarily as an over-issue of notes or even an over-expansion of bank credits'. It was the physical use of resources which mattered. Under Keynes' influence the rate of interest was actually lower in the war, and for a time after the war, than it had been before. In 1942 Keynes was able to claim, in a broadcast, that 'the Treasury is borrowing money at only half the rate of interest paid in the last war'.*

The Rate of Interest

Another important benefit of the era of cheap money accrues to the occupiers of the houses built in the post-war years. And at the back of Keynes' mind was always the thought that it would need a low, and falling, rate of interest to stimulate the investment needed under normal peace-time conditions, after the ravages of war had been made good, to take full advantage of our productive powers. One of these days—we hope and pray—normal peace-time conditions may be realised. We should then be able to see how necessary it was to get the rate of interest down again. Keynes' fear always was that the fact that the rate of interest had been high would lead people to be afraid that it might in the more distant future become high again. Keynes argued that this would seriously interfere with the process of making money cheap at a time when cheap money was again needed as a stimulus. But we could scarcely expect Keynes to foresee that the burden of defence would weigh so heavily long after the war was over and that the problems would for the time being remain the problems of shortage rather than plenty.

In his preface to his *General Theory* of 1936, Keynes said that the composition of the book had been for him 'a long struggle of escape and so must the reading of it be for most readers if the author's assault upon them is to be successful—a struggle of escape from habitual modes of thought and expression'. He went on: 'The ideas which are there expressed so laboriously are extremely simple and should be obvious'. By now they seem so obvious that one has to be reminded what so much fuss was about. In the same preface, Keynes, referring to his fellow economists, said: 'Those who are strongly wedded to what I shall call the "classical theory" will fluctuate, I expect, between a belief that I am quite wrong and a belief that I am saying nothing new. It is for others to determine if either of these or the third alternative is right'. After the book appeared he aimed at a less professional public. His main vehicle was *The Times*. Just before the war he wrote yet another memorandum, aimed this time at the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Governor of the Bank of England, as well as subsequently at readers of *The Times*. In a letter about this memorandum to Lord Brand, he said: 'It is difficult to make progress against the weight of tradition or to get people to consider the problem afresh in the light of modern conditions and modern thought'.

Victorious Ideas

In a curious way it was the war, although its economic problems were so entirely different, which brought victory to Keynes in dealing with the traditional economic problem of peace—the problem of waste of resources. Keynes was singing a very different tune when he addressed the House of Lords in 1944 on the subject of the proposed International Monetary Fund: 'Sometimes almost alone, in popular articles, in the press, in pamphlets, in dozens of letters to *The Times*, in text-books, in enormous and obscure treatises, I have spent my strength to persuade my countrymen and the world at large to change their traditional doctrines and, by taking better thought, to remove the curse of unemployment'. And now, he said, he was speaking 'at the very moment of the triumph of these ideas'†.

Keynes' analytical framework, although aimed at the problem of unemployment in peace-time, did, in fact, provide the basis for his handling of the problems of shortage of resources in wartime. And it does in fact provide the basis for most of what is said—perhaps I may be excused for saying 'for most of the sensible things which are said'—about the problems of inflation in peace-time, though we have ceased

to be conscious how much of the manner of present-day exposition we owe to Keynes. Perhaps the war lent itself more readily to Keynes' emphasis on an approach based on a common-sense appreciation of physical realities and to his horror of dogma and mystique, and perhaps that is partly why it was in the war that his ideas about the economics of peace-time gained so much ground.

Keynes himself was fond towards the end of his life of saying that one thing and only one thing was certain and that was that the problems which we should be faced with would be strange ones and not the familiar ones. I think that he was getting bored with his triumphs and, without the burden of defence particularly in mind, he wanted to give up feeling that it was going to be the same kind of thing over again. In *How to Pay for the War*, he had dealt with the problems of inflation by the use of measures some of which would be acceptable only under the pressure of war. He had no time to write any similar handbook directly applicable to our present problems. But the analytical framework is there. Different people may use it to arrive at different recommendations of policy—according to their judgement and feelings about the relative importance of the present and the future, about the relative importance of different classes of the community, and about everything else to which differences of judgement and feelings properly relate. But what we owe to Keynes is to use it as an apparatus of rational thought and to think in terms of physical realities, and when it comes to policy to be self-conscious and purposive as to what it is intended to achieve and how it is expected to work.—*Third Programme*

Julia Smeaton

I was a parson's daughter and
The house where I was bred
Stood hard against the church, so that
We neighboured with the dead.

I married with a parson and
For forty years and three
We moved from dreary vicarage
To draughtier rectory,

Thro' pinchfist, griping parishes
To livings fat with dues;
My house forever set by tombs,
And grave-mould on my shoes.

Old gravestones marked my garden's end;
Times in the sleepless dawn
It seemed the mounds were waves that must
Engulf my little lawn.

The moon would make the crosses dance
And fissures open wide,
While dead folk beat upon our doors
And begged to come inside.

Year by long year I prayed escape,
Full forty years and more.
But life brought none and death hath laid
Us closelier than before.

Now cold I dwell among the cold,
My gravestone, small and white,
The first to catch the parson's eye,
The last he sees at night;

The nearest to the wicket gate,
Hard by the rectory;
And many a parson's wife shall think
She shuts the latch on me,

And wake, as I woke, in the grey,
To blench and snatch her breath,
As with no more of choice than she
I stare her to her death.

ADA JACKSON

* THE LISTENER, April 2, 1942

† House of Lords, May 23, 1944

Increased Agriculture or More Imports?

By HARRY WALSTON

FARMING is not just the concern of a few hundred thousand farmers and farmworkers: it affects everyone pretty closely. Food, for instance, makes up 35 per cent. of the items in the official cost-of-living index, and home agriculture provides well over half of that food. What we do not grow here is imported, and that makes up a pretty good slice of our total import bill. So what happens to farming at home obviously has a great effect both upon our balance of payments and upon our cost of living.

We have heard a good deal lately about a few public-spirited industries which have undertaken not to raise their prices for the next six months, and we have read of exhortations by prominent members of the Government to other industries to do the same thing. As a farmer, that makes me smile somewhat wryly because the farming industry has, over the past years, become accustomed to agreeing not to raise its prices for at least one and often two years ahead—but little recognition of it have we had. As a matter of fact over the past eight years our total production costs have risen by nearly £300,000,000, yet less than £200,000,000 of this has been passed on to the consumer; over £100,000,000 of these increased costs have been provided partly by increased efficiency in the industry and partly by lower profits—and this includes keeping the farm workers' wages at an artificially low level. Put another way, farmers' spendable income dropped last year by about £45,000,000, or nearly £3 per week per farmer. I wonder how many other business men, salaried workers, or weekly wage earners can say the same?

How the Small Farmer is Wounded

How do these fixed farm prices work out? Let me give a personal example: Some months ago I decided it would increase my efficiency if I exchanged my existing lorry for a bigger Diesel one. A month after I had placed the order I was told that the manufacturer's costs had increased and that they had raised their prices, so I should now have to pay nearly £200 more than the price originally quoted. That means not only that I have to find that much more capital, but that my costs will rise too. Yet I cannot run along to the people who buy my milk and my barley and my sugar beet, and tell them that I am raising my prices. They are fixed, not only for this year but for next year too. None of these things makes life much easier for the farmer. It is pleasant to think we are helping in this fight against inflation; but you cannot be in the forefront of a fight without casualties—and the small farmer in particular is getting some savage wounds.

But even more important than all this, agriculture has not reached anything like the limit of what it can do to help the economic situation. There is no doubt that, given the right conditions, we can not only produce more but produce it even more efficiently than we have been able to do already. But there is equally no doubt that the policy of recent years has failed to produce these conditions. We can, we know, grow first-class grass which produces food for animals in the summer and also, as hay, silage, or dried grass, feeds them in the winter too. But are we, in fact, getting more winter feed from our grass? Not a bit of it. Three years ago we produced 246,000 tons of dried grass, whereas last year this figure dropped to 160,000 tons. And what about our tillage acreage, the part of the farm on which we grow the arable crops? Over the past three years it has declined by a million acres, a sizable amount of land. And what have we done with these million acres? They are certainly not feeding any more animals. On balance animal products have not increased much—milk and eggs are up slightly, pigs down. But, what is important, these animals have eaten far more imported food. Last year our imports of cereals and feeding stuffs actually cost us over £40,000,000 more in foreign exchange than the year before. So, from the country's point of view, apart from what may be happening to farmers themselves, things are not in too good shape—we are getting little, if any, more food, and spending a good deal more foreign exchange than before to get it.

What are these right conditions to which I have referred? What is it in fact that I, as a farmer, want in order to let me get on and do the

job? What I want is something which will encourage me to increase *net* production and, at the same time, will both give me a direct incentive to reduce costs and will make it possible for me to do so. Here is one simple way in which it could be done. Fix guaranteed prices and markets not just for one year ahead but for five years, and with these prices on a diminishing scale. In this way I shall know that during those five years I shall have to cut my costs if I am to maintain my profit margin. Then, so that I can do this, give me both direct capital subsidies and credit specially designed for the purpose. This will allow me to improve my equipment and modernise my machinery and thus achieve increased efficiency and a reduction in cost.

The Credit Squeeze and Food Prices

This is in direct contradiction to the present policy and to the credit squeeze. To give some idea of what this means to the individual farmer: in the past three years I have had to find extra capital on my own farm to the extent of about £4 for every acre that I farm. This has been the only way that I have been able to improve my efficiency and keep my farm properly equipped. But under the new conditions of the credit squeeze it is virtually impossible to carry on with anything of this sort. What I want to emphasise is that the greatest sufferers in all this are going to be all the people who have to buy food; and that means all of you. So far as I am concerned, I am perfectly confident that I can work out a system of farming profitably without putting in any more capital than I have done already. I am happy to rely very largely on imported feeding stuffs when they are cheap, but when prices rise above a certain level I shall go back to growing my own food and rely on the National Farmers' Union to persuade the Government to give us better prices. But if I go in for that sort of farming I turn my back on all hopes of increasing my own efficiency and of being able to provide you people with cheaper food.

We would never expect our aircraft industry to flourish if every twelve months the emphasis shifted from long-range bombers to jet fighters, to medium-range passenger aircraft, and then on to reconnaissance aircraft. To produce an efficient aircraft there must be long-term planning and security. Designers must get to work, blue prints must be drawn up, new machine tools bought, and men trained. Agriculture is exactly the same. To produce the right sort of bacon for the housewife's taste, a long-term breeding programme must be embarked upon; to reduce costs, a strain must be selected that is a good converter of food into flesh; buildings must be erected that will insulate the pigs from fluctuations in temperature, and also make it possible by sensible design to allow one man to look after double the number of pigs that he could in old-fashioned buildings. And the pigman himself must be trained too if he is to do his job well. Perhaps this is the most important single factor of all. But you will not get this sort of thing happening if one year we are exhorted to produce all the pigs we can, and two years later told there are too many; and that is just what has happened in the past few years.

Need for Capital

Rigs are only one example: the same conditions are needed for all farm crops; cheaper corn requires combine harvesters, grain stores, and mechanical handling; cheaper milk depends on labour-saving buildings—a huge investment, cheaper fodder, skilled labour, and long-term breeding programmes. And so on all the way through. We have not done a bad job in the past but I am convinced that if we are given that long-term security and if capital for approved expenditure is made available, we shall be able to do even better. We shall be able to produce more food at lower cost, as well as give an impressive example to the rest of industry of how to beat inflation and reduce the needs for imports.—*Home Service*

Must Full Employment Mean Ever-Rising Prices?, a popular version of the White Paper 'Economic Implications of Full Employment' has been published by the Stationery Office, price 6d.

The Horse in the Cave

By GEOFFREY GRIGSON

I CANNOT tell you exactly what it was like that day. Have you ever had a dream of being lost in a huge emptiness which is unknown to you and which is full of threats? It was rather like that. We aimed for a village named La Bastide. The Pyrenees were coming nearer, the road was getting worse, the clouds were getting darker, lower, more voluminous. The rain beat against the wind-screen and forced itself into the car.

The road streaked on and bumped on ruthlessly and perspectively into an enormous gloom. Scenically, it was less like an adventure into France than one into Connemara or Mayo. A green hump of mountain would show far ahead, across the wetness of the plateau we were crossing. The clouds would part and reveal another hump or lump of mountain farther in, larger, taller, exceedingly tall. The clouds would shut, and the lump would disappear again. Nothing human was in view except a lonely Irish-seeming cottage, ahead along the wet, rough road, in all this cosmic encirclement, all this panoramic, super-theatrical, intimidating gloom.

Then the road went down, and from going merely down, it began to drop. That was wrong: we were approaching mountains, in search of a village, and a particular cave, and a particular painting inside the cave. The road should have gone up, if anything; but no, it went down, it dropped; it dropped around bends, around dripping stooks of corn; visibility was just enough to reveal that it was going to drop still more directly, like a lift descending the outside of the Empire State Building, down through the clouds, smack on to the wet roofs of La Bastide; a thousand miles from anywhere, a thousand feet, it seemed, below the surface of the world.

It is one thing to find a village, smoke rising into the clouds from each chimney above each roof of glistening slates, another to find a cave by the village. It is one thing to be given instructions, by a French farmer's wife, with a dubious, pitying shake of the head; it is another thing to follow the instructions. 'Go', she said, 'along the stream, till it disappears'. We went; but perhaps it would be yet another thing, when we had found the cave, to find the horse, painted deep inside about 25,000 years ago.

We went down a lane along the stream, descending still more into the depth of the world, hemmed in still more by invisibility, anxiety, and rain; with only a green intimation, now and then, that mountain slopes rose immediately above us. We were a little aghast at our own folly and temerity, so far from home, so dependent upon a car which could speak no French and which we had left in a dead-end by the farm-house, so ignorant of where we would spend the night, so drawn to see a mere painting in a mere hole in the ground.

The lane was filthy: it took cattle from the village to the mountain. The stream was also filthy, not just because it was swollen with rain, but because it was the dull-coloured sewer of La Bastide. A notice, hardly required, warned us not to drink the water; but then we were vouchsafed an omen—a first omen of success. Do you know (if you are a gardener, you certainly will) *Geranium phaeum*, or Dusky Cranesbill, which here at home we grow in shrubberies, in shady corners, perhaps

on the margin of a drive? Here was Dusky Cranesbill, wild and native, hanging its nearly black flowers over the nearly black water of the sewage stream, which ought to guide us to the magic cave.

The stream went faster, and curved, the lane curved the other way and went up the hill, up mountain; precipices of rock suddenly collected themselves out of the cloud, the stream broke and became noisy over stones, and vanished; it simply vanished, into a slit at the deepest point of a half-circling amphitheatre of limestone; and there was no cave. There was no way in—with the sewage; there was no niche, no large enough cranny under the rock. Two more familiar

plants, wild here as the Dusky Cranesbill, did not seem this time to be omens of victory. Above the slit where the black sewage gurgled from sight hung tufts of the true Maiden-hair fern. Among the stones on either side of the water hung the wet, yellow, crumpled flowers of that familiar garden poppy we are pleased—since it also grows in the Welsh mountains—to call Welsh Poppy. But no cave, no horse; nowhere to go.

The noise of cow-bells came out of the veiling mists overhead. Two Frenchmen with five or six rain-spangled cows detached themselves from the gloom. They did not crack our skulls with a club or scalp us with tomahawks, or even show surprise at two wet, foreign figures in the rain and now failing light. That was reassuring.

But the cave? He had not, said one of the farmers, been inside the cave for ten years. It was difficult. But where was the cave? It was dangerous, it needed much light, he said; and he looked doubtfully at the long torch sticking from my pocket, and he said again that he had not been inside for ten years. But where, where exactly was the cave? How far was the cave? It was up there; and he raised a long, brown, unshaven, wet face, and pointed far above dripping hazels, up and up into the swirls of mist. 'I'll show you', he said, and the cow dog and the other farmer and the cows, dismal music coming again from their necks, squished away up the lane.

A slithery upward path, hundreds of feet up, through hazels which double-soaked our soaked clothing. And then, enormously, suddenly, a black funnel at our feet, a black throat, like the flower of a black arum lily, sloping down inside the mountain; at the bottom filled, altogether surprisingly, with blue mist. We had climbed to the stream's old entry into the nether-world; but through millions of years the stream had cut itself a new channel, and a new smaller entrance down below by the Welsh Poppies and the Maidenhair.

'A red horse', I remarked, encouragingly, 'in the cave'. The farmer agreed but showed no promise of descending the black slope to the blue mist. 'Difficult', he said, 'difficult. There is the cave', he said, 'down there', as though he had done enough. Ten years, he said once more, since he had last been inside the cave. However, like wet bumble bees the three of us crawled down the flower, 100, 200, perhaps 300 feet, into the blue mist screening the throat. We needed a carbide cave lamp, but we had left ours in the car, since we were out of carbide. We needed stronger torches. We needed, said the farmer, looking at the torches, we certainly needed some newspapers and a box of



The painting of a horse in the cave at La Bastide in the High Pyrenees
From 'Four Hundred Centuries of Cave Art', by Abbé Breuil (Zwemmer)

matches. Ahead, anyway, yawned the great blackness of the cave, silent, and dry inside after the rain.

If you ask why we had driven all this way into a heart of rain and darkness to see a red horse, I will answer 'Lascaux'. Everyone knows that the cave at Lascaux is filled with wonderful paintings. Crowds—that is the trouble—wait outside the iron and concrete portals. The electric light comes on. The guide, who has taken your considerable cash, explains in a dull, dead tone; he hurries you on, he hurries you out, where the next batch, and the next, are waiting; and under the pines you can buy jugs and vases decorated with palaeolithic bulls, or you can sit and drink *cassis*. So from Lascaux we drove through rain and through cloud and through anxiety to this solitary cave of La Bastide, no entrance fee of 150 francs, no guide, no light, no bull vases, no crowds, nothing but rain outside. And somewhere inside—180 metres inside was the distance we had been given—we ought to find the red horse, striding across the cave. We knew also that we must keep to the right; that to the left there was a deep gully, a deep, long, dangerous chasm.

Easy caves—this one promised no difficulty, in spite of the farmer—are not always so easy, after all; or, rather, it is not always so easy to find something in them, or to count 180 metres over a slippery, sometimes hard, sometimes soft, always uneven floor. We went on, we found nothing. We flashed the torches on the walls, we turned them upwards and the wavering beams were lost in the upper darkness, we turned them downwards, to the left, and the beams were too weak to pierce the blackness and danger of the chasm. Green daylight from the mouth of the cave disappeared. The farmer occasionally uttered the word *cheval*, and paused and hoped we were turning back, and then came on, not wishing to admit his uncomfortableness. There was still nothing; our lights showed us bones here and there, gave us false alarms on this or that face of rock. Still nothing, and I remembered other vain searches in other caves miles beyond nowhere.

Yet the good omen of the wild Dusky Cranesbill was reliable. Our shelf or ledge along the right hand of the cave dipped, unexpectedly; it skewed us more towards the centre of an enormous chancel. A faint, red shapelessness appeared in our feeble beam; the red shapelessness took shape, took mass and line, resolved itself as we came nearer into

a life-size horse, painted on a block of limestone, as large as a cottage, which had fallen, aeons ago, from the high roof. It blocked the chancel, though the cave continued deeper and deeper into the mountain on the far side. Rocks jutted from the damp cave earth, affording seats almost opposite the block of limestone and the red horse. We sat and we looked at the horse, six and a half feet from head to tail, as though we were sitting in the choir stalls of a cathedral, empty, at midnight, on the bishop's throne, directing our torches on to the high altar.

Palaeolithic hunters lived a good deal on the meat of wild horses, 20,000 or 25,000 years ago. Here and there they chose places where horses could be driven over a precipice, to fall and die, and be skinned and divided, cooked and eaten; and deep in caves they painted horses and other beasts of their daily life and livelihood, cult images to increase their game. Sometimes their painted horses are mares heavy in foal. This horse was simply horse, sturdy in red ochre and black; he was a little faded, though the black line of his mane and his flanks, his raised tail and his forelegs, and his hind-legs following natural lines down the rock, were all clear enough. He came, this beast, so dramatically out of the blackness, as though out of the past, he stood so sturdily across the enormity of the cavern. I tried to draw his likeness, while the farmer came forward and squatted alongside on the cave earth, and admired the great horse with a repetition of adjectives.

Outside we climbed back into the rain. The clouds were lower than ever on the mountain, pressing down the tinkle of cow-bells, and the wet hazel leaves whipped our faces. The odd thing was that nothing—and nothing in our situation—appeared sinister any more. We felt at home, no longer homeless and lost. The rain soaked us, we did not know where we would sleep; but we had found what we wanted; we had driven from England, we had seen that horse in red and black pigment, and nothing else mattered, for a while.

I have thought of going back to La Bastide, arriving perhaps when the sun is shining on the Pyrenees and on the village and on the flowers, and of entering the cave with carbide lamps flaring and lighting up the magical horse. But it would never be the same. A second time—and this is one of the conditions of life—it could never be as exciting, and as satisfying.—*Home Service*

Dating the Past

By R. J. C. ATKINSON

THE commonest question that people put to archaeologists is 'How old is it?' Indeed, this is the question that archaeologists most often ask themselves: so much so that to the outsider, and particularly to historians, it must often seem that archaeologists are entirely obsessed with questions of date.

This is understandable: the historian's task is to interpret events whose dates are known, with greater or less precision, from documentary sources. He is dealing, as it were, with a file of letters from the past which can easily be arranged in their proper order, because each has its date written at the top. And, once they are arranged in order, the dates themselves are no longer of much importance. For the archaeologist, on the other hand, and particularly for the prehistorian, there are no documents, so that he cannot even begin to interpret the events he is dealing with, until he has established the order in which they occurred. For him, the letters from the past have no dates and no postmarks, so that he can only arrange them in order by studying the internal evidence of their subject-matter. And until he has done this, he will not make much sense of the correspondence.

Fortunately, even where there is no direct written evidence, there are some kinds of archaeological find, such as coins and inscriptions, which we can date fairly accurately because they refer to persons or events known to us historically; and the dates of these things can be transferred to other objects found with them. For instance, if I excavate a grave in which the body has been buried with a pottery cup and half a dozen coins, in mint condition, of the Roman Emperor Constantine, I can be sure that this particular type of cup was in use at the beginning of the fourth century A.D. And the study of other cups of the same kind may show that they are never found with coins

earlier than about A.D. 250 or later than about A.D. 350. So this particular pattern of cup can be dated by its associations to half a century before and after A.D. 300, and these dates can in turn be transferred, though with an increasing margin of uncertainty, to other objects which may in turn be found associated with these cups.

This method of dating by association, useful though it is, can obviously be applied only where there is a starting-point of known date, such as the coins I have already mentioned. As soon as the archaeologist has to deal with the strictly prehistoric past, for which by definition there are no documents, he has to abandon all hope of arriving at absolute dates, in years B.C., and must make do simply with relative dates. He can no longer ask 'When was this made?', but only 'Was this made earlier than that, or later?'

In such cases there are two principal methods of approach. First, there is the evidence for changes in the plan and style of buildings, and in the objects of everyday use found in them, to be derived from the excavation of settlements and fortifications that have been occupied over long periods of time. Here, obviously, the ruins and rubbish of the earliest inhabitants will be at the bottom, and those of later generations will have accumulated successively in layers above them. These stratified layers can be likened to a book lying title page downwards, so that the last pages are on top. The pages can be read by excavation, but they have to be read backwards, beginning at the end, since the excavator has to work downwards from the top.

The second approach to relative dates is through the study of the gradual changes that take place in time in the form of everyday things, like tools and pottery, and in styles of ornament. Archaeologists usually call this the typological method. But this is no more than an academic

name for the process many of us use almost unconsciously to date a car by the shape of its body and radiator. By studying improvements in design or developments in ornament the archaeologist can establish sequences of types, just as one could arrange a series of cars of a single make in pretty well the right order, without knowing their actual dates of manufacture. We can then use these sequences as rough relative time-scales, though their reliability will often be open to question, if only because technological improvements and changes in fashion notoriously do not proceed at uniform rates; and things may still persist in widespread use long after they have become inefficient or unfashionable.

Borrowing from the Physical Sciences

There is no question of abandoning these purely archaeological methods of dating by association, stratification and typology, which I have been discussing. But, because of their limitations, archaeologists are beginning to rely more and more on methods of dating borrowed from the natural or physical sciences, in order to confirm and supplement their own necessarily uncertain conclusions. Most of these scientific methods of obtaining dates are based either on irreversible chemical or physical changes which take place in bone and other organic substances, or on changes in man's natural environment during his long prehistoric past.

Chemical methods of dating have been used chiefly for the time of the great Ice Age which lasted from about 500,000 to about 15,000 years ago—in the Pleistocene period. Our time-scale for this immense period is based on changes in climate, and has been built up mainly from the observations of geologists, upon such things as moraines, boulder clays, and the gravels laid down in the valleys of rivers. During most of this time, the only evidence we have for human settlement and activity is in the form of flint tools, which have been swept away by rivers in spate, and have been incorporated in beds of sand or gravel, along with the bones of contemporary wild animals. The types of animal represented often give a clue to the climate prevailing at the time, and so to the possible position of the humanly made tools in the climatic sequence. But unfortunately it often happens that tools and bones from an earlier gravel may be washed out and re-deposited in a later one, so that we get a mixture of human and animal remains of different periods.

It is now possible to determine the relative age of bones from any one locality by chemical analysis of the amount of fluorine they contain. In most places there are minute amounts of fluorine in the soil, and this combines with the bone to form an insoluble compound, which accumulates in the bone. (This is why it has been suggested that fluorine should be added to our water supplies to increase the resistance of our teeth to decay.) The older bones in a gravel deposit will contain more fluorine than those deposited later, and can thus be distinguished from them. Moreover, the results of fluorine analysis can often be checked by a similar analysis for the element uranium, which is absorbed progressively by bone in the same way. Both these methods were developed and used with great success in the investigations which led to the unmasking of the Piltdown Man, and they are likely to be used more and more in the future. But, owing to the variation in the natural fluorine and uranium from place to place, neither method can be used to give absolute dates, but only relative ones.

Clues in Pollen Grains

For the period of about 15,000 years that separates us from the end of the Pleistocene Ice Age, the time-scale is again based on changes in climate. But the evidence for these changes, in Britain at any rate, comes chiefly from botanical studies rather than from geology. As the ice sheets gradually melted and retreated to the mountains of central and northern Europe, numerous lakes were formed, in which deposits of vegetable mud and peat have gradually been built up. These deposits include the pollen grains of trees and other plants. The pollen grains are extremely resistant to decay, and can be extracted from a sample and identified under the microscope. By taking samples at close intervals through the whole depth of a thick deposit of peat, and identifying and counting the pollen grains in them, it is possible to reconstruct the variations that have taken place in the local vegetation, and so in the climate, over a period of many thousands of years.

In this way the peat deposits of various regions have been divided into as many as ten zones. This sequence of zones provides a relative time-scale to which the archaeologist can relate the remains of human

settlement and activity which are discovered at various levels in the peat. It is in this way, for instance, that we have been able to date the earliest human settlement in Scotland at slightly before the transition from zone 6 to zone 7 in the Scottish peats. The conventional date for this would be about 7,000 B.C., but this is largely guesswork. None the less, the evidence of pollen analysis does enable us to say that the earliest community of roving hunters only settled on the coast of the Moray Firth a long time after similar communities had been established in Yorkshire and farther south.

Fortunately, there is one promising and exciting method of dating, developed only during the last ten years. It is already making it possible to assign absolute dates not merely to samples of peat, but also to a wide range of organic material found on archaeological sites. This method is known as the radio-carbon or C^{14} technique, because it involves the detection of the radioactive isotope of carbon of atomic mass 14. All living matter, whether animal or vegetable, contains carbon, almost all of it the ordinary stable isotope of atomic mass 12. But a small proportion is the radioactive isotope, which is formed in the upper atmosphere through the action of cosmic radiation. As living matter is constantly exchanging carbon with its surroundings through breathing, feeding, and excretion, the ratio of the two kinds of carbon in its tissues is the same as the ratio in the atmosphere, and remains constant so long as it is alive. But as soon as a plant or an animal dies, the exchange of carbon ceases, and the radioactive component begins to decay, as do all radioactive substances. In this way the radioactivity of the substance gradually diminishes in time, and diminishes, moreover, at a known rate, so that it is reduced by half roughly every fifty-seven centuries.

Radioactive Decay

A sample of carbonaceous matter, such as wood, can be taken from an archaeological site, converted into a gas such as methane or carbon dioxide, and pumped into a special form of Geiger counter which measures its specific radioactivity. The degree of radioactivity can then be referred to the known scale of radioactive decay. And so we can find the period which must have elapsed since the death of the sample, in order to reduce the radioactivity to its present level. In this way it is now becoming possible to date suitable samples far more accurately than by any other means, and in some cases to within a hundred years.

This radio-carbon method is certainly the most promising of all the present scientific approaches to the problem of dating the past, even though its use is limited to the last 30,000 years, beyond which the radioactivity drops below a measurable level. When the method has been refined further, it will take a good deal of the guesswork out of archaeology, or so we hope. Nevertheless, it would be rash to assume that archaeology will ever become a precise science, or that this, or any other scientific technique, will ever entirely supersede the traditional approaches that have been worked out by archaeologists themselves.—*Home Service*

Aspects of Africa

(continued from page 539)

and the degenerative processes of ageing; the effects on health of the many chemical and physical treatments involved in processing common foods; the influences of dietary habits on efficiency and resistance to infections; and the constitution of the diets most favourable to human development.

And although we do not know what is an ideal diet for man, we do know of diets better than those presently consumed by the majority of Africans. In essence, we must aim at eliminating the monotony of the diet, comprised, as it is, predominantly of a single food. The diet should be constituted of a variety of natural foods—eggs, bread, butter, milk, meat, fish, vegetables and the like, in quantities sufficient to make maize or any other staple comprise a much smaller part of the total food consumed. However, if you know the poverty and economic backwardness of Africa, it is at once apparent that the elimination of chronic malnutrition is no longer the task of the nutritional research worker, except in so far as he may be able to advise the politicians and the technologists. It is upon their shoulders that the responsibility now rests.

—*Third Programme*

Industrial Design and the Common User

By REYNER BANHAM

THE essence of current theory about the aesthetics of industrial design can be found in almost the oldest recorded pronouncement ever made on the subject; it reads:

Understand me to mean straight lines and circles, and the plane or solid figures which are formed out of them by lathes and rulers and protractors; for these I affirm to be not only relatively beautiful, like other things, but eternally and absolutely beautiful.

Plato, in putting these words into the mouth of Socrates, was distinguishing between two kinds of beauty, the absolute and the relative; the relative being the beauty of functional performance—as found in ships, horses, women, waste-baskets—a beauty contaminated by the itch of desire. Later theorists have smudged the two concepts together again, functional efficiency has been equated with the simplicity of absolute beauty, and the lines I have just quoted have come to serve as a kind of aesthetic Occam's razor.

Beauties are not to be multiplied, that is the inference; since absolute beauty can be made to reside in a simple machine product like a Grecian urn or a cocoa tin, other beauties, demonstrating the performance of the object, or inciting a desire to possess it, ought not to be present as well. This theory has much to recommend it as a yardstick of design: a ruthless simplicity, universality, absoluteness beyond the frailty of human taste, and suitability for academic teaching and institutional application. I personally find it merely inhuman. I incline to the view of Moholy Nagy, the Bauhaus teacher, that man, not the product, is the end in view. But, beyond this, the main objection to the Platonic approach to product design is that it is so little use in practice. It serves well, no doubt, in theoretical discussion between critics, but when one of them takes this standard out into the market place, he must start off by rejecting some 95 per cent. of the goods on sale there. They are not simple, their beauty is not absolute, even a kitchen chair promises performance, even a teaspoon is designed to incite cupidity.

The 'Ladder of Taste'

Few critics have such courage in their convictions that they simply abdicate, and wash their hands of the other 95 per cent. Most are prepared to compromise, and use a sliding scale of absoluteness—known as the ladder of taste—in which designs are classed as better if they are simpler, worse if more complex. A ladder, by definition, is a mode of ascent, and the implication of criticism of this kind is that the purchasers of the other 95 per cent. ought to start climbing, or that the manufacturers who supply them ought to put the goods a bit farther up the ladder and make them climb. The method of ascent is education; and, as far as the Platonic approach is concerned, the aim of education—in accordance with the Platonic theory of memory—is to cleanse the mind of false, literary, relative or associational ideas, and allow the innate sense of pure form to rise unencumbered to the surface.

This concept of an innate sense of abstract form has had a busy career since Froebel made it one of the basic assumptions of his educational theory, and it has done its bit on more than one occasion in the theory of industrial design. One of these occasions is so striking that it will serve me nicely as a point at which to quarrel with accepted theories and outline my own. I refer to the book which gave, and still gives in its 1953 edition, the ablest exposition of the Platonic approach that has so far appeared—in spite of the fact that Plato is not mentioned in it: Sir Herbert Read's *Art and Industry*. In the peroration to the introduction, Sir Herbert says:

But I am convinced that the instincts for the appreciation of abstract form are widely diffused, and some evidence of this fact may be derived from one of those popular extensions of language that are so significant and so little observed. I refer to the very general use of the word 'streamline' . . . popularly, if inaccurately used as a term of approval for any object of daily use . . . by such an expression the man in the street is betraying his instinctive aesthetic judgements—judgements which are, in fact, evidence of a new aesthetic sensibility. The same kind of sensibility permeated the society that built the Parthenon and the cathedrals.

There is a great deal of truth in this observation. By market preference as well as the spoken word, men in the street do manifest a widely diffused appreciation of streamlined form. And I think, myself, that the kind of sensibility here revealed is indeed closely kin to that of the Periclean voter or the Gothic burgess—remembering that both the Parthenon and the cathedrals were, to the best of our knowledge, adorned with polychrome sculpture, that made reference to a whole universe of concepts beyond the object itself, so that their beauty was highly relative.

Motor-cars as Sculpture

But, as is clear from the rest of the quotation, Sir Herbert must be thinking of these buildings as we have them now, pure structures stripped of their statuary. In their original forms they could hardly be taken as evidence of abstract sensibilities, and neither, I submit, can an appreciation of streamlining. There is, indeed, a small number of persons who regard the tapering gleaming forms of an airscrew blade in the same way as they would admire the long shining tapering forms of the 'Bird' by Brancusi; there are, apparently, persons connected with the Museum of Modern Art, New York, who regard motor-cars as 'hollow, rolling sculpture'. But I doubt if either of these attitudes represents, in Sir Herbert's terminology, a widely diffused instinct of the man in the street.

To explain my doubts, let me instance a recent change in the design of a particular class of products that seems, at first sight, to support Sir Herbert's view. The new look in medium motor-cycles is simpler than the old—and I mean motor-cycles, not scooters. Motor-cycles sell predominantly to a wage-group that has had a technical, not a grammar-school, education, and is not likely to have had its attention drawn to abstract art. Yet the design of motor-cycles in the competitive middle-weight market has recently grown much simpler to look at. In place of the up-and-down silhouette—tank high, saddle low—the new shape is almost flat-topped. In place of the maze of unrelated components looped with cables and pipes and control runs, every little element designed in isolation, the new look has them coagulated into a few large, snug enveloping forms.

Does this mean that motor-cycle design has taken a turn for the Platonic? It does not seem likely, in view of the plushier colour schemes that have accompanied this change, the use of glittering, crystal-cut, three-dimensional trade marks on the tanks, and the occasional elaboration of those tanks into sculptured forms. These sculptured petrol tanks are a clue to what has really happened. They echo in small the massive tanks of the highly specialised motor-cycles that compete in the world championships, whose complicated forms are a consequence of having to cram a man, a lot of machinery and a lot of fuel on to a motor-cycle of normal dimensions. The echo of these shapes on ordinary bread-and-butter models does not make them any more or less efficient, and their effect on cost is negligible. But their effect on the self-esteem of the rider is considerable. They confer upon him some of the glamour of Umberto Masetti or Geoff Duke.

Deluded Critics?

The Platonic critic who surveys this field and announces that 'public taste is improving' is deluding himself, I suspect. If next year's championship machines should get more complicated in appearance, if they should sprout rocket motors or radar, then some way of making this newer look available would be found, just as the battery and tool box are already made to ape the bulk and position of the racing machine's big oil-tank. So it is clear that the factors that have produced this apparently Platonic state of affairs are really otherwise. If there is beauty in these motor-cycles, then—as far as their users and designers are concerned—it is relative, concerned with performance and desire, based upon values that are not eternal but transient, linked to the changing norms of a developing technology.

The Platonic approach has shown itself—so far—in a quandary where developing technologies are concerned. Le Corbusier, for instance, whose views on design and consumer goods are entirely Platonic, could only see technology developing towards an ideal end, and there stopping. Otherwise, he could not see what kind of beauty could reside in a new car that would be technically out of date in twelve months' time, unless it was some kind of beauty that lay outside the technician's reach, was beyond function and beyond desire—was ideal beauty, that is. In other words, he has had, once more, to unsmudge the two concepts that Plato had so carefully separated in the first place. But for him, the other kind of beauty, the relative, is not to be considered seriously. In this, in common with the rest of the profession of architecture, he shows his predilection for the monumental and the permanent—an attitude which is understandable in architects, whose work, if it is to withstand one cycle of the seasons, will probably have to be strong enough to withstand another ninety-nine. Architects have been the main supporters of the Platonic approach to product design, and when the Platonists desire solid backing for their preferences, they point to the products of the architect-dominated Bauhaus.

I realised that, earlier, I quoted a Bauhaus master as having supported my view, the anti-Platonic view, of product design. But in fact there was a good deal of variance between Bauhaus theory and practice. Bauhaus products can be recognised at long range precisely by their adherence to a Platonic style of cylinders, spheres, and cubes. And Bauhaus students—or at least some of them—still support an essentially Platonic approach, with aesthetics linked to concepts of mathematical order, and to a belief that design should tend to a perfected ultimate form for each class of product.

This belief in perfectibility in product design seems to me to ignore the fact that technology, as far ahead as we can see it, is an open-ended process; it also seems to deprive us of the benefits of that essential fluidity of design which the dynamics of mass-production can offer us. The popular and un-Platonic approach, as shown by the preferences of motor-cyclists, expects technical change in technological products, and expects the appearance of the product to keep up with it. I find this a healthy attitude, and a realistic one, and even better, it proves to be linked to a nice sense of the appropriateness of design to human situations. The racy aspect of the motor-cycle reflects the fact that, for most motor-cycle users, the mount is a means of moving rapidly—I repeat, rapidly—from place to place until married. If the form of contemporary automobiles reflects jet-plane, rocket-ship, and other streamlined forms, it is because the motor-car is the average citizen's toe-hold on a technological culture that he admires, but can possess only in dream or symbol. If the same average citizen desires to live in a half-timbered house rather than a glass box, it is because he cannot yet accept the glass box as appropriate to the tradition-hallowed estate of matrimony, which does not change anything like as quickly as racing motor-cycles do.

But it does change, and ideas about it change, and the instrument of change in widely distributed ideas is what has been called the communications industry—the complex of interlocking and overlapping activities, such as press, radio, advertising, films, television, and so forth, that circulate, confirm, change or discredit popular attitudes towards everything from rat-poison to man-made satellites. It is common form



An electric hot-water jug 'designed at the Bauhaus, restricted in form to the simple shapes—cylinder, sphere, cone—mentioned in Plato's *Philebus*, an attempt to endow common goods with absolute beauty



An advertising photograph of a 'streamlined' steam iron, suggested by Mr. Banham as an example of the un-Platonic industrial designer's endeavour to endow common goods with romance, the presentation of it recalling a science-fiction space-rocket approaching the surface of the moon

among Platonists to dismiss the bulk of these activities as a mush of squalid and chaotic competition, dominated by the slogan 'Anything goes if it sells', but they thereby ignore the consequent and much more important question 'What does sell?'

Market research will tell you only what has sold in the immediate past, and that is no great help to a manufacturer designing, now, a product for which he will be able to tool up only after a year's testing, and which may not be in production for another year after that. For him there must be some form of reliable forecasting, and that involves the ability to see through the statistics to the social values behind them. But he does not need to send out a team of field anthropologists to gather this information, it is already available from the communications industry itself. At a recent design congress in America, there was a baffled discussion about the persistence of floral and other figurative motifs on wedding silverware (an example of un-Platonic resistance to change, for once in a while). The discussion ran aground until Miss Esther Foley, home-page editor of a chain of journals with a dominantly working-class readership, put her point of view. First, she stuck out for the right of the common user to impute romance to common goods; she then pointed out that, for her readers,

'choosing a pattern' is one of the first decisions of early maturity, and not to be lightly made. It is arrived at by a young woman at a time . . . when she is the Princess in the Tower, and woe-betide the designer who offers her only the severe sterile purity of otherwise unobtainable upper-class sophistication.

Market research passes no value judgements, but this statement does. The common assumption that if you abandon the Platonic approach you succumb to the tyranny of market statistics, ignores the existence of this kind of criticism; its method of taking man and not the product

as the end in view, is capable of extension across the whole field of product design. Miss Foley's approach, first postulating the human situation with such accuracy and imaginative insight as she can command, and then proposing a type of design appropriate to it, is clearly extensible even to Platonists choosing pure, severe, and sterile silver for their own weddings.

This kind of product-criticism also helps us to understand its counterpart in the attitude of the kind of designer whom I shall call a 'stylist', to distinguish him from the Platonic, architect-trained type of industrial designer. To the stylist, appearance is not the consequence of function, but the promise of function. He works with recognisable symbols, not with ideas of

abstract harmony. True to Plato's separation of the absolute and the relative, he settles most properly for the relative. When asked—in the person of Harley Earl, the father of automobile styling—what his aims are as a designer, he is reported to have replied 'An outrageous blonde who knows how to cook'.—*Third Programme*

Winston Burdett, who is on the staff of the Columbia Broadcasting System, recently gave a talk entitled 'TV Commercials Come to Britain' which is reproduced in the latest number of *The Quarterly of Film, Radio, and Television* (Vol. X, No. 2). In this talk he said that 'In larger terms, the advent of commercial TV in Britain is another step in the Americanisation of Europe'. Among other articles in the same number are 'The TV Plays of Paddy Chayefsky' by Frank W. Wadsworth, and 'Dialogue between the Movie-Going Public and a Witness for Jean Cocteau' by Raymond Jean. The *Quarterly* is published by the University of California Press and may be obtained from the Cambridge University Press, price 9s. 6d.

Among the prizes offered by the Cheltenham Festival of Literature is one of £50 for a ninety-minute television play and one of £50 for a sound radio play (thirty or sixty minutes). The B.B.C. hopes to produce the winning play in each class, which it will pay for at its usual rates. Particulars and entry forms may be obtained by sending a stamped addressed envelope to Mr. G. A. M. Wilkinson, Festival Organiser, Town Hall, Cheltenham.

The latest addition to the New Oxford Illustrated Dickens is *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* with the original illustrations, and an introduction by S. C. Roberts (Oxford, price 10s. 6d.).

Rights and Conscience

The second of three talks on 'The Rights of Man' by MAURICE CRANSTON

IN my first talk* I spoke about the distinction between positive rights and moral rights, between rights which people actually enjoy and rights they ought to enjoy; and I suggested that the Rights of Man, or Human Rights, or Natural Rights, are of the second kind—moral rights—in spite of their being in different ways political and universal; and in spite of their often being positive rights as well as moral rights. For us in England, the historic natural rights of life, liberty, and property, even the more specific and elaborate human rights proclaimed in the United Nations Declaration of 1948, are, for the most part, positive rights as well; but even if English law ceased to uphold them, even if they were no longer positive rights, they would still be human rights, because such rights do not derive, like positive rights, from positive law.

Sophocles and 'Antigone'

But what, then, is their legal basis? Is there another law from which human rights derive, a law which is different from and higher than positive law? Many writers have suggested that there is. One of the first, one of the greatest to do so was Sophocles, who made the conflicting claims of positive law and a higher law the theme of his 'Antigone'. You will remember that Creon, King of Thebes, has decreed that Polynices, a traitor who has been killed in the field, shall be left unburied, his body exposed to the vultures and the dogs. Antigone, the sister of Polynices, rebels against this edict, because, she says, every man has a right to burial. 'And what right has the King', she demands, 'to keep me from my own brother?' Antigone buries the corpse, is discovered, arrested, and taken to Creon. 'Do you not know the law?' he asks her. 'Yes'. 'Then, why did you dare to break it?' Antigone answers that the edict she has disobeyed is not sanctioned by conscience; it may be the law of the state, but it is contrary to the law of justice:

Nor did I deem that thou, a mortal man,
Could'st by a breath annul and override
The immutable, unwritten laws of heaven:
They were not born today nor yesterday;
They die not, and none knoweth whence they sprang.

Creon replies that Polynices was a traitor, and that no ruler can let traitors go unpunished. A state must have laws and uphold its laws. The state must be obeyed in all things—'just and unjust alike'—or the result will be anarchy. 'And what evil', Creon asks, 'is worse than anarchy?'

Sophocles would not have written as good a play as he did if he had not made the case for Creon as strong, in its way, as he made the case for Antigone. Drama—and history—yields many examples of subjects with far better causes than Antigone's in conflict with rulers with far worse causes than Creon's. But the merit of Sophocles' play is that it simplifies nothing. It shows what a serious and terrible thing it is to defy that positive law by which the safety of society is secured, to rebel in the name of conscience or 'the immutable, unwritten laws of heaven'. Sophocles, after all, was a statesman and a general as well as a poet. And yet he was clearly on the side of Antigone against Creon. He wrote to win the public's sympathy for what she stands for. Creon says: 'The state must be obeyed in all things—just and unjust alike'. Antigone's claim is that the state need not be obeyed if what it commands is unjust. Sophocles is with her; he believes, as she does, that the unwritten law of justice is superior to the positive law of the state. The rights Antigone claims are rights bestowed by the higher law, so positive law cannot take them from her.

It is easy to respond to Sophocles' play; but whether one can accept his argument depends, in the last analysis, on whether one agrees with him that there is a law which is higher than positive law. Is there? And if there is, what is it? Some might be content to say: the divine law, the law of God. This may be the best answer, but unfortunately it raises other, and no less difficult, questions: how do we know God exists? How do we know He lays down moral laws and bestows moral rights? And how do we know what those rights are?

Political philosophers and jurists have for the most part been reluctant

to surrender the whole issue to theologians. The most popular answer among philosophers and jurists to the question 'What is the law which is higher than positive law?' has been 'Natural law'. This notion of natural law, though foreshadowed by Sophocles and, to some extent, by Aristotle, seems first to have been elaborated by the Stoics of the Hellenistic period. Natural law for them embodied those elementary principles of justice which were apparent, they believed, to the 'eye of reason' alone. The Stoics of Rome, though jurists rather than philosophers, upheld the same belief. Cicero said: 'There is a true law, right reason, in accordance with nature; it is unalterable and eternal'. The political theory of medieval Christendom put even greater stress on natural law, and so again did the modern, secular, individualistic theories of Grotius, Pufendorf, and Locke. I am not saying that there has been one continuous tradition of natural law in the history of European thought, or that Cicero and St. Thomas Aquinas and Locke all understood natural law in exactly the same way. I do not, for one thing, believe that Cicero or St. Thomas thought of natural law as something which bestowed the right to rebellion in the way that some of the Greeks did and that Locke did. But nevertheless the idea of natural law, as something which transcends positive law, is an old-established one. And although it went out of fashion among jurists in the nineteenth century, it has come into favour again in recent years. In fact at Nuremberg in 1945 natural law was freely invoked as the legal basis of at least some of the elements of the indictment of the Nazi leaders.

I think, therefore, one can say that natural law is a living, as well as an ancient, idea. It might in spite of this be a completely fallacious one. And indeed there is something decidedly suspicious about natural law. To begin with, there are the things which are said in its favour by some of its leading exponents.

Take, for example, this remark, which comes from the writings of the jurist Blackstone: 'Natural law is binding all over the globe; no human laws have any validity if contrary to [it]'. If the word 'valid' means what it commonly means for lawyers, this statement is simply untrue. For by a 'valid law' lawyers commonly mean a law which is actually upheld and enforced by the courts. A great many laws contrary to natural law were upheld by courts in different parts of the globe in the eighteenth century when Blackstone wrote those words. For instance, there were the laws which authorised slavery—an institution which Blackstone himself regarded as being contrary to natural law. So, in the usual lawyers' sense of the word 'valid', some human laws which were contrary to natural law were valid; and if Blackstone was saying that such laws had no validity in the lawyers' sense, what he was saying was false.

Moral 'Validity'

The truth of the matter, I believe, is that Blackstone was thinking of another kind of 'validity': of moral validity. He meant that any human law, any positive law which was contrary to natural law, had no validity in conscience, was not morally compelling: had no just title to obedience. But Blackstone failed to make his point as clearly as he should have made it. He did not discriminate between the two senses of 'validity'; and, failing to discriminate, he said something which opponents of natural law can easily refute.

Locke is, in many ways, an even more unsatisfactory champion of natural law than Blackstone. Take, for example, his *Latin Essays on the Law of Nature* which have only lately been discovered and published. Locke says that because the scientific study of the universe shows that laws are operating throughout nature, it follows there must be laws governing the conduct of men. Locke does not mean psychological laws, he means ethical or moral laws; that is to say, the sort of laws which are embodied in natural law. The scientific study of nature shows that laws are universally operative. Therefore, Locke concludes, the scientific study of nature proves the existence of natural law.

This is a bad argument. For a law which a scientist discovers is not a 'law' in the sense in which a rule of conduct is a law. A scientific law is an observed regularity in nature, an empirical generalisation. It is

not something which can be obeyed or disobeyed at will. If something happened which was contrary to an established scientific law, that scientific law would no longer be a scientific law; it would simply be a disproved, or outmoded, scientific hypothesis. But a law of conduct can be either obeyed or disobeyed; and it certainly does not cease to be a law if someone breaks it. Locke's argument for the existence of natural law is based on an attempt to derive a conclusion about law in the sense of a moral law from a true statement about law in the sense of a scientific law; it rests on an elementary mistake of logic. But Locke's argument was not one of Locke's aberrations. It is a lucid statement of one of the standard traditional arguments for the existence of natural law.

The Traditional Mistake

Locke's mistake, the traditional mistake, has prompted certain critics to argue that the whole idea of natural law is a piece of bogus metaphysics rooted in confusion of language. I am thinking here of the positivist school. They are not the only critics of natural law, but they put the most telling case against it; indeed, the points I have just made are their points. But I believe the positivist school is wrong in its general conclusion. By 'positivist school' I do not mean primarily logical positivism, which has been much abused, and not always fairly abused, in its short history. I am thinking rather of legal positivism, which is much older and more 'respectable', and which has been far more widely influential than logical positivism, even in its most modified form, has been.

Legal positivists argue that only positive law is real law, and that natural law is not law at all. I dare say there is a good deal to be said for the idea that positive law is the only law which it is worth the while of jurists or lawyers to think about. But the dissemination of the idea that positive law is the only law which it is worth the while of jurists or lawyers to think about has encouraged the belief that positive law is the only law which it is worth the while of *anyone* to think about. What is worse, it has encouraged the belief that positive law, being the only genuine law, is the only law which should be obeyed.

Legal positivism encourages these attitudes; but, one must in fairness add, it does not teach them. The primary objective of legal positivism is to distinguish positive law from morality. In defining law as it does, in making us conscious of what positive law is, legal positivism might also serve to make us more conscious of what morality is. It pushes morality out of the domain of jurisprudence; it says morality is no part of the special concern of the jurist; but it does not deny that morality is part of the general concern of ordinary men, even of the jurist himself in what might be called his 'civilian' capacity. Indeed, the legal positivists and the champions of natural law have at least one thing in common: they are both inspired by a sense of the great difference there is between positive law and morality. It is after they have recognised this distinction that they part. Where the legal positivists go on to say that morality is not law, the theorists of natural law maintain that morality is law, and natural law is their attempt to formulate that law.

Dr. Richard Peters, in his recent wireless talks called 'Living Without Authority', spoke of our own age as a fatherless age. In the past we were content to do and believe what our fathers told us or what our patriarchal rulers told us. Nowadays we have repudiated our father-figures, and we have to look elsewhere for the commands, the rules, the guidance we used to take from them; and it is not easy to find what we want. The Hellenistic Age, when natural law was first developed by the Stoics, was another time of great social change. The old city states had broken up; the customs and traditions of a settled and integrated community had ceased to provide all the answers to questions of right and wrong. It was hard to go on believing the Spartan doctrine that the good man was the same as the good and obedient citizen. The Stoics saw, as Sophocles had seen, that 'just law' was something different from 'established law'; and they set out to express what 'just law' was in general and systematic terms. The Stoics, like their successors, said many disputable things, even foolish things, in propounding 'just law' as natural law. I should certainly not like to have to defend everything they said concerning Nature. However, the most important thing about natural law is not that it is 'natural' but that it is an attempt to set out the principles of justice: to formulate the simplest, universal elements of political morality. Not a set of rules for the achievement of social excellence; but the minimal principles which any positive law must accord with if it is to be a just law.

Clearly, then, natural law is not law in the same sense in which

positive law is law. Positive law is a collection of specific laws, with definite sanctions attached to each. Natural law is not written down and it carries no specific sanctions. Does it still seem suspicious? It does if one expects all law to be like positive law. But there is no reason why this should be so. The legal positivists, assuredly, insist on it; it is because natural law has not all of the characteristics of positive law that they regard it as bogus. But this demand that all genuine law shall have all the characteristics of positive law seems to be intolerably high-handed and dogmatic. Natural law is entitled to the name of law because it is a form of moral law, because it is authoritative, something which can be obeyed or disobeyed. This is not to say that the principles of natural law are in any crude sense imperatives. But neither are the laws contained in codes of positive law. As Professor Gilbert Ryle has said* (albeit in another context):

Ethical statements, as distinct from particular *ad hominem* behests and reproaches, should be regarded as warrants addressed to any potential givers of behests and reproaches and not to the actual addressees of such behests and reproaches, *i.e.*, not as personal action-tickets but as impersonal injunction-tickets; not imperatives but 'laws' that only such things as imperatives and punishments can satisfy. Like statute laws they are to be construed not as orders, but as licences to give and enforce orders.

The point I wish to make is that in some respects moral laws are like statute laws, or positive laws; in other respects they are unlike them. The difference is extremely important. But the resemblance is important, too; and the word 'law' is as properly employed in the one as in the other sense. Each law has its own authority: positive law the authority of force; natural law the authority of conscience, and positive law which coincides with natural law the authority of both force and conscience. But, just as natural law is a law of a different sort from positive law, so is the connection between natural rights and natural law a different connection from that between positive rights and positive law, even though one may say that natural rights or human rights 'derive' from natural law, or moral law, as positive rights 'derive' from positive law. The answer to the question 'Is so-and-so a right?' depends, if it is a positive right, on whether it is *enforced*; but if it is a moral right, or a human right, or a natural right, the answer depends on whether it is *just*. Positive law secures the enforcement of positive rights; natural law, or moral law, gives the justice to human rights.

Justifiable Rebellion?

It is true that many religious doctrines maintain that moral law is also enforced, in the sense that breaches of moral law are sooner or later punished by God. Sophocles himself believed this, but the point of his 'Antigone' was not simply to show that defiance of the gods is punished; certainly it was not to show that gods support those who uphold the laws of Heaven, because Antigone is left to a bitterly cruel fate. Sophocles wrote, I think, to show that the principles of justice are distinct from the edicts of the state; to argue that those principles form a more compelling law, and that a person who rebels against the state is not necessarily wrong, but is, on the contrary, if acting in obedience to that distinct and higher law, right—imprudent perhaps, unsuccessful perhaps, but justified.—*Home Service*

Jour d'Eté

Stolen from the Tate Gallery

And right, perhaps, is on their side.
Helen was Menelaus' bride,
It was for justice that Troy burned
And Hector's bloody corpse was spurned.

But what have right and wrong to do
With a day of summer, and these two
Who watch the stream of all their days
Go gently by into the haze

Of all remembered innocence?
What place have force and violence,
Whatever justice they may show,
Within that calm and radiance,
The work of Berthe Morisot?

HAL SUMMERS

NEWS DIARY

April 25-May 1

Wednesday, April 25

Anglo-Soviet talks are concluded at 10 Downing Street

Commons begin committee stage of Bill to abolish death penalty

New international wheat agreement is approved by United Nations conference in London

Thursday, April 26

Mr. Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev visit Edinburgh

Mr. Hammarskjöld, U.N. Secretary-General, ends his discussions in Jordan

National committee of the Amalgamated Engineering Union votes unanimously for a forty-hour week without loss of earnings

Friday, April 27

Official *communiqué* on the Anglo-Soviet talks is published. Mr. Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev leave England. Sir Anthony Eden accepts an official invitation to visit Moscow

Mr. Gerald Beadle, Controller of the West Region of the B.B.C., is appointed to succeed Sir George Barnes as Director of Television Broadcasting

Saturday, April 28

Soviet leaders send message thanking the British Government for their friendly reception and hospitality

In Cyprus two Greek Cypriots are shot dead

Mr. Hammarskjöld arrives in Cairo

Sunday, April 29

Israel and Egypt report new incidents in the Gaza area

President Tito is to pay an official visit to the Soviet Union

Archbishop of Canterbury publishes a statement about his views on Cyprus

Monday, April 30

Herr von Brentano, German Foreign Minister, arrives in London for discussions with British Ministers

11,000 employees of Standard Motor Company vote to continue strike

Mr. Hammarskjöld returns to Israel

Mr. Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev comment on their visit to England

Tuesday, May 1

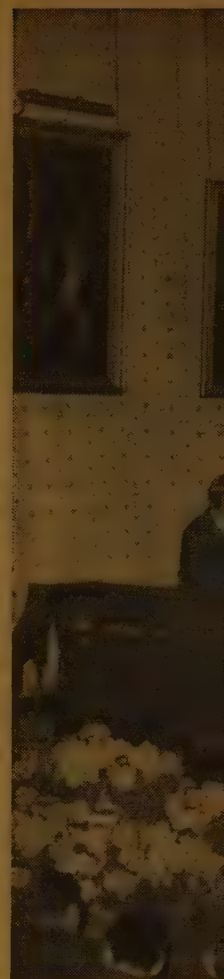
Egypt and Israel agree to setting up of United Nations observation posts in Gaza area

Marshal Zhukov announces theme of Soviet May Day celebrations to be 'the intensified struggle for peace'

Mr. Stassen says prospects of disarmament are at present at low ebb



The scene in York Minster during the enthronement of Dr. A. M. Ramsey as Archbishop of York on April 25. After the ceremony Dr. Ramsey gave his blessing to the City of York, the diocese, and province from a temporary pulpit erected outside the great west doors



At a ceremony in Beaulieu, Hampshire, on April 25, Dr. Ramsey gave his blessing to the City of York, the diocese, and province from a temporary pulpit erected outside the great west doors



The yellow drawing-room of Ingestre Hall, Staffordshire, home of the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, which is now open to the public for the first time. The present house was built in 1613 but considerable alterations, carried out by John Nash, were made to the north and west fronts in 1809



London, on April 27, Sir Winston Churchill was appointed Grand Seigneur of the City of London. In this photograph Sir Winston is seen receiving his illuminated deed of appointment from Mr. W. J. Keswick, Governor of the Company.



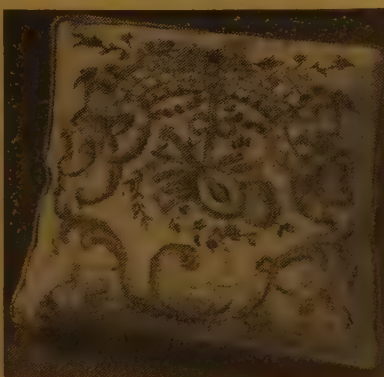
Members of the Royal Horse Guards giving a concert in St. Mark's Square, Venice, last week. The band flew out in a British European Airways aircraft that was opening a direct London-Venice service.



A conference to review the constitutional position in Singapore opened at Lancaster House, London, last week. This photograph, taken during the conference, shows members of the all-party delegation from the colony led by Mr. David Marshall, the Chief Minister of Singapore (second from the left).



The Australian cricket team, led by its captain, Ian Johnson, taking the field at Arundel Castle, Sussex, last Saturday to play the Duke of Norfolk's XI in the first match of their tour.



A cushion worked by the late Queen Mary which is on view at an exhibition of furniture and embroidery organised by the Royal School of Needlework at Marlborough House.

Right: 'Nikki', the three-months-old bear cub presented to Princess Anne by the Soviet leaders, being weighed at the London Zoo last week.



Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Aspects of Africa

Sir,—Being normally resident in Kenya Colony and only receiving my copy of THE LISTENER by surface mail makes it rather difficult to comment on talks printed by you, but the opportunity now presents itself.

Your correspondents Mr. Basil Davidson and Mr. D. F. Pocock both seem to imply that Mr. Biesheuvel's first talk in the series 'Aspects of Africa' (THE LISTENER, April 12) was an attempt to support a 'race nation theory' on unscholarly generalisations. If, as has been suggested, there were well-developed Bantu civilisations in central, eastern, and southern Africa when the Europeans first arrived, surely the point is that they lacked sufficient energy and cohesion to maintain any forward movement, and while 'modern scholarship' and 'modern thought' may yet create a civilised background for present-day African nationalism, the fact remains that western civilisation is the most powerful outside force that Africa as a whole (south of the Sahara) has yet felt. Whether the African is capable of adopting the whole of western civilisation remains to be seen, but it would appear that, on the face of it, their present showing compares more than favourably with other races whose 'golden ages' have been written in the past.

In Mr. Biesheuvel's second talk (THE LISTENER, April 19) he referred to the long-term research programmes being carried out by the South African National Institute for Personnel Research, and I should say that it is such work which might provide a more definite indication as to whether 'the setting of African history, and of African civilisation' will, as Mr. Davidson suggests, provide 'one of the great intellectual contributions of the middle decades of this century'. A more realistic point of view I feel sure is that put forward by Mr. Biesheuvel that 'the role of the white man will therefore be to maintain forward movement' of a civilising force, the response to which from the African, generally speaking, has, to date, been most favourable.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.11

JOHN LEWIS

The Death Penalty

Sir,—I was grateful to Professor Hart for his correction of my regretted mistake in the number of murders in New South Wales (THE LISTENER, February 9 and February 16). The number was used to show that in New South Wales the death penalty was practically in abeyance after 1918. The corrected number, 470 or, as he now says, 475 (THE LISTENER, April 26) still does this; in twenty-one years there was one execution for 67 or 68 murders compared with one execution for nine murders, excluding murders of babies, in this country. In sixteen of the twenty-one years there were no executions.

Professor Hart was himself in error in taking one-fifth as the ratio of convictions to murders in New South Wales and 90 as the number of convictions in the twenty-one years. The correct ratio is just over one-half and the number of convictions about 250. The result is one execution for 3½ convictions in this country. Thus, even on Professor Hart's preferred criterion, 'practical abeyance' seems justified. But I think the criterion open to criticism in view of the Royal Commission's warning of 'the unreliability

of figures of convictions as a method of assessing the prevalence of a crime'. (The conviction rate for New South Wales is given in Table 47 page 372 of the Commission's Report.)

I do not attach great significance to the fact that the murder rate in New South Wales was only about half that in Queensland, even though these two states were selected by Professor Hart as 'states . . . similar in character, with figures compiled on a similar basis', Queensland as an abolition state, and New South Wales as a death penalty state (THE LISTENER, January 19). I do, however, say that the fact is not for, but against, the questioned conclusion that the death penalty is not a greater deterrent than long imprisonment. The change in the ratio of the rates is also against the questioned conclusion. Professor Hart contends that this would be true only if the New South Wales rate had increased after abeyance. But an increase is not a necessary condition. The death penalty is only one of the factors controlling the murder rate. An increase in the rate, consequent on abeyance, may be cancelled by a change in other factors, e.g., education, police. There was, however, an increase in the New South Wales' rate in the decade, 1930-39, following that of almost complete abeyance, 1920-29 (executions in only one year, 1924) and the most marked change in the ratio was between these two decades.

Professor Hart objects to my description of the period 1925-29 as one of abeyance in New Zealand. In those five years there were 40 murders and no executions. The correct description seems to be abeyance, though the juries and not the Government may have been responsible for it. Acquittal was not the only alternative to conviction for murder. Convictions on the reduced charge of manslaughter were more frequent than acquittals, 24 cases of the former compared with 17 acquittals and 33 convictions for murder. Severe penalties could be inflicted when there were no convictions for murder. The legal penalty for manslaughter included imprisonment for life with hard labour.

After a careful survey of the evidence in the Royal Commission Report, I find that, taken cumulatively, it supports the conclusion that the death penalty is a greater deterrent than imprisonment and is not neutral, as the Royal Commission implied.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.11

E. GOLD

Israel and the Arab States

Sir,—I am somewhat puzzled at Miss Eyre Crowe's reply (THE LISTENER, April 26). I imagined that her first letter aimed to show how little the Arabs had as compared to the Jews in Palestine. It would appear, as so many insisted all along, that the Arabs had little or nothing to complain of, which makes the Arab troubles of 1936-1939 all the more surprising.

We know, of course, their real causes—the intrigues of the ex-Mufti and his Nazi and fascist accomplices, followed by the usual appeasement policy of the Government—but that is another story. If Miss Eyre Crowe meant only that it was the Jews of Israel who had acquired the richest agricultural land which Palestine contained, I cannot see the point of that statement because when the state was created it would be obvious, after the unhappy events of 1948, that the citizens of that state would be in possession of such land; but, I repeat, she gave the impres-

sion that the Jews had just walked in, and not in fact by the sweat of their labour, both in digging and building, made barren and malaria-ridden land blossom as the rose. Nor will I accept her denial that it was not mainly to Jewish enterprise, following the Balfour Declaration and the Mandate, that Palestine became, in contrast to its former condition, the most prosperous in the Middle East. If, as Miss Eyre Crowe contends, the Arabs were already cultivating three times more land than the Jews, I cannot see what their grievance or her arguments were.

Miss Eyre Crowe doubts my statement as to the immigration of Arabs into Mandated Palestine. It would be interesting to know where she imagines the hundreds of thousands of refugees came from. The facts are simple and easily ascertainable. Before the Mandate, the Arab population of Palestine was practically stationary owing to steady emigration; under the Mandate, the Arabs increased from 457,000 to 850,000, and this increase was most marked in areas of Jewish settlements in Haifa, Tel-Aviv, and Jerusalem, all centres of Jewish development. The Arab increase from 1922-1932 was 85 per cent., 61 per cent., 43 per cent. respectively; while in the areas unaffected by Jewish development, such as Nablus and Hebron, the increase was only 9 and 8 per cent., and in Gaza the numbers actually decreased. These figures are not speculative or artificial, they are drawn from official sources. Again, it could easily be shown from official statistics that Arabs, as much as Jews (indeed in many respects more so, because the Jews carried the greater financial burden) benefited enormously from Jewish immigration and enterprise during the Mandated period. It was the failure of the British Government, thanks to a certain type of official, to carry out in spirit the principles of the Mandate that led eventually to the state of affairs which ended in the conflagration of 1948.

As to Miss Eyre Crowe's remarks about displacement of Arabs following the Jewish-Arab war, no one expects people to stay in an area in which there is fighting. The Arab League, when invading Israel, called on all Arabs either to join them or to make way for the invading armies, assuring them that after their victory they should return to their homes and obtain, in addition, the possessions of the Jews, whom they confidently expected to drive out. Does Miss Eyre Crowe seriously suggest that those who fought with the Arabs against Israel should be allowed to return? Those who were forced to leave owing to war-time conditions would, if they had returned, have been treated on a footing of equality with other citizens of Israel as are non-Jewish citizens today.

In conclusion, does Miss Crowe seriously deny that it was the Arab League who, without provocation, and in a most deliberately aggressive spirit, invaded the new-born state before it found its feet, in the hope that it would destroy within that little area an afflicted people, many of whom had passed through an ordeal unparalleled in the history of the world? This evil hope, it is terrible to reflect, is still in the minds of those who refuse to admit the refugees, largely the consequence of their own actions, into their vast territories which are both under-populated and under-cultivated.—Yours, etc.,

Richmond, Surrey

SIDNEY SALOMON

Mescaline and Mr. Aldous Huxley

Sir,—In his 'Mescaline and Mr. Aldous Huxley' (THE LISTENER, April 26) Professor Zachner discusses

Mr. Huxley's claim to have known what he calls 'contemplation at its height', and the equation he appears to make between his own experience under mescaline and the Beatific Vision, a claim which, if justified, would make nonsense of all contemplative religion; for it would seem singularly pointless to pursue a contemplative life with all the privations which such a life entails if the same result can be obtained by swallowing two-fifths of a gram of mescaline.

To get the record straight we need to notice that though in his account of his own mescaline experiences in *The Doors of Perception* (Chatto and Windus, 1954) Huxley does indeed appear to make this equation, in his later reflections in the same book he repudiates it categorically. Thus:

The Beatific Vision, *Sat Chit Ananda*, Being-Awareness-Bliss—for the first time I understood not on the verbal level, not by inchoate hints at a distance, but precisely and completely, what these prodigious symbols referred to. [pages 12-13]

But later, on reflection:

I am not so foolish as to equate what happens under the influence of mescaline or any other drug, prepared or in the future preparable, with the realisation of the end and ultimate purpose of human life: Enlightenment, the Beatific Vision. [page 58, my italics, his capitals]

Professor Zachner is certainly right to point out, as did many reviewers, that Huxley is mistaken in writing 'as if his own experience were typical of all mescaline-takers'. And perhaps he is also right to suggest 'that there are at least three types of mysticism only one of which seems to have been vouchsafed to Mr. Huxley under the influence of mescaline'. But in dealing with what is supposed to be indescribable, his 'beat' if the words used by the mystics have any meaning at all assumes unusual importance: for it must indeed be rather hard to be sure, if these experiences are really as ineffable as all that, that we really are 'left with three incomprehensibles which are not finally reducible to one incomprehensible'.

But it would surely be even harder to justify the belief that no drugs, prepared or in the future preparable, could ever possibly be relied on to generate (these various types of) mystical experience. In *Heaven and Hell* (Chatto and Windus, 1956) Huxley himself has abandoned this piece of gratuitous dogmatism in favour of an empirically much better supported opposite:

Knowing as he does (or at least can know, if he so desires) what are the chemical conditions of transcendental experience, the aspiring mystic should turn for technical help to the specialists—in pharmacology, in biochemistry, in physiology and neurology, in psychology and psychiatry and parapsychology. For an aspiring mystic to revert, in the present state of knowledge, to prolonged fasting and violent self-flagellation would be as senseless as it would be for an aspiring cook to behave like Charles Lamb's Chinaman, who burned down his house in order to roast a pig. [page 64]

But Huxley, following William James (cf. *Varieties of Religious Experience* Ch. 1 and *passim*) also insists that the argument of 'exponents of the Nothing-But philosophy' that 'since changes in body chemistry can create conditions favourable to visionary and mystical experience, visionary and mystical experience cannot be what they claim to be . . . is a *non sequitur*' (page 63): inasmuch as other and undoubtedly credible or otherwise worth-while experiences are certainly chemically conditioned. If it be that Professor Zachner accepts this argument, it is easy to understand why he seems inclined to sympathise with Huxley's original dogmatic denial.—Yours, etc.,

Staffordshire ANTONY FLEW

Test Cricket as a Restrictive Practice

Sir,—Mr. David Sylvester's talk on 'Test Cricket as a Restrictive Practice' was ingenious, although based on false premises. According to him the Test at Lord's in 1930 was the villain of the piece; after this, he argued, Tests suffered high scores compiled in a laborious fashion. Unfortunately for Mr. Sylvester's theory the two series of 1934 and 1938 saw England average a daily rate of about 310, that is as fast as for the period 1902 to 1930. Australia managed 370 a day by equally laborious methods. Lord's in 1930 was a freak match.

Mr. Sylvester also mentioned that fashionable bogy, the l.b.w. rule adopted in 1935. This, he assured us, makes run scoring more difficult. Well, in the five seasons prior to the war while this rule was in operation England's daily rate was 360, 400, 420, 335, and 480. It is only in recent years that our 'Welfare State' players have turned Tests into a form of penance. In 1950 the West Indies pinned us down to 180 a day, India to 250 in 1952, Australia to 240 in 1953, and South Africa to 230 last summer.

The all-important point which Mr. Sylvester missed—incidentally, when Wyatt captained England he was a Warwickshire not a Worcestershire player—is that prior to 1930 Test matches lasted three days in this country. Now they linger on for five. If anyone doubts the effect of this on the rate of scoring, then I will mention that in 1949, when the New Zealanders were allowed three days only, our daily rate of scoring was 380, that of our opponents 340. Defensive tactics may be highly developed, but a return to three- or four-day Tests will have a miraculous effect. Useful cricketers such as Trumper, Hobbs, Fry, Ranji, Jessop, Noble, and others could finish a match in three days; why can't our modern heroes? Or can it be they are just not good enough?—Yours, etc.,

Dorking KENNETH GREGORY

The Problem of England's Canals

Sir,—The errors and misleading implications in Professor Rich's two talks extend considerably further than the matters pointed out in the letters from Mr. Stedman and Mr. Chadwick in THE LISTENER of April 19. For examples: Professor Rich, describing Brindley as 'the great road-maker', appears to confuse Brindley with Thomas Telford; the extraordinary statement that 'the transition from road-making to canal-building was almost fatally easy' overlooks the fact that modern road construction began with Telford and Macadam, long after Brindley had laid the foundations of the inland waterways system; the Birmingham Canal Navigations 'could not pay a reasonable return on the enormous capital outlay', but are later in the same talk described (correctly) as having paid a 70 per cent. bonus; the Stroudwater Canal was closed last year (after a hard fight), not in 1927; and England has never had anything like 'over 20,000 miles of navigable inland waterways'.

More dangerously misleading is Professor Rich's failure to realise, or at least to make clear, that many of the administrative disabilities connected with the waterways to which he refers, arose from the policy of railway companies which had unwisely been permitted to acquire them. Thus the prohibition on power craft upon the Huddersfield Narrow Canal. Thus especially the exorbitant charges, inefficient condition, and total lack of traffic when the Professor went through the Kennet and Avon. The third condition was and is a consequence of the two first. After the Great Western Railway Company bought the Kennet and Avon, they raised the tolls to a level fifty per cent. above that obtaining on any comparable waterway in the country; they prohibited powered craft and weekend navigation (with a weekend beginning on Friday

evening); they prohibited fires on moored boats, thus literally as well as figuratively freezing out the boatman; and they so reduced maintenance as to make the waterway almost impossible to navigate, for instance repairing lock gates with soft wood instead of hard wood. Professor Rich really should state these circumstances before exclaiming naively about the lack of traffic, and joining in the British Transport Commission's campaign finally to destroy this unhappy but potentially valuable waterway.

Professor Rich, however, does not seem to realise the extent of nationalisation, since he says that the Shropshire Union Canal 'pays a fair dividend on its traffic'. In fact, the Shropshire Union is nationalised—and the British Transport Commission claim that it works at a loss. And what is the interpretation of the Professor's sentence: 'But the Soar Navigation through Leicester seemed slight by comparison with the Great Junction'?

These things might not matter if the Professor was merely describing a sentimental voyage in 1931. But he goes much further: 'We were convinced—in our very bones—that some, perhaps the most picturesque, of our canals should never have been built'; at the outset the Professor announces his intention of discussing 'some of the conclusions to which I was led'; above all, there are the entirely misleading remarks about the Kennet and Avon, where the fight of the many thousands concerned to save a great national heritage is largely a fight against public ignorance and official distortion. May we hope for equal prominence to be given in the near future to two better informed, more up to date, and, in particular, more constructive talks on the same subject?

Yours, etc.,
London, W.C.1 ROBERT AICKMAN,
Founder and Vice-President,
Inland Waterways Association

Sir,—It is to be hoped that Professor Rich's two talks (THE LISTENER, April 12 and 19) will receive widespread attention, for he clearly shows how fallacious are some commonly held notions about our canals.

I should, however, like to ask him whether his statement that 'the cost of freight by water is always considerably less than that by land' is not far too sweeping. True, less energy is required to move a given tonnage by water than overland, but fuel is not necessarily the largest factor in the total cost of movement.

Without in any way seeking to defend the canal companies for their undoubted lack of enterprise when they were faced in the eighteenth-thirties with the new railway form of transport, I think in fairness to them Professor Rich might have recorded that canal companies were not allowed to be carriers on their own canals until the Canal Carriers' Act of 1845.

Yours, etc.,
Duffield J. C. BOUSTEAD

The Dilemma of Radio Opera

Sir,—In his article in THE LISTENER of April 12 Mr. Winton Dean very reasonably maintains that if radio opera is to survive, it must carve out a new technique of its own, and in that case should be given a new name. Of the several works of this kind commissioned for the Third Programme, only the first ('Anna Kraus', by Franz Reizenstein and Christopher Hassall) was described as 'a radio opera'; in spite of the qualifying prefix, critics tended to judge it by the standards of the opera-house rather than as a piece of radio. To avoid misunderstanding, some other name is certainly needed, particularly as the more successful of these productions stem not from opera but rather from the combination of words and music in such pre-Third



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programmes as 'The Dark Tower' (MacNeice and Britten) and 'The Rescue' (Sackville-West and Britten). Inasmuch as the Third Programme productions in this genre have been the responsibility of Features Department, they are departmentally but vaguely labelled 'Music Features'. 'Melodrama' would be musically correct; the term was used to describe 'The Rescue', and, later, the Bronowski-Fricker 'My Brother Died'; but it has murderous overtones. Next Sunday's programme, 'The Death of Vivien', by Peter Racine Fricker and Rene Hague, is described *tout court* and *faute de mieux* as 'a work for radio'. Can someone suggest a more illuminating description?

Yours, etc.,

DOUGLAS CLEVERDON

B.B.C. Features Department
London, W.1

Memories of George Bernard Shaw

Sir,—The origins of a great play are always of interest, and it is perhaps not too trivial to mention that Princess Bibesco's account of how Bernard Shaw came to write 'Saint Joan' (THE LISTENER, April 26) differs somewhat from Shaw's own account. Princess Bibesco rightly attributes the initial impulse to Mrs. Shaw, but she goes on to say: 'Not once did she commit the blunder of saying, "Now perhaps you ought to write about Joan"'. But, if Mr. Hesketh Pearson is right, this is almost exactly what Mrs. Shaw did say (though it turned out to be no blunder). 'Sometimes', Shaw told Mr. Pearson, 'the urge to write a play comes over me and I cannot think what to write about. That happened before I started "Saint Joan". I wanted to work on something, but I hadn't a subject. "Why not write a play on Joan of Arc?" said my wife. So I did'.

It seems to me that Shaw was not the man to reject a good dramatic subject just because the suggestion did not come from his own inner consciousness.—Yours, etc.,

Liverpool, 15

ALLAN M. LAING

Sir,—There appears to be some factual discrepancy in Princess Marthe Bibesco's

'Memories of George Bernard Shaw' (THE LISTENER, April 26). Princess Bibesco says that she first saw Bernard Shaw on 'May 5, 1919, the wedding day of Elizabeth Asquith to Antoine Bibesco', and, later: 'Here was the man whose latest play, "Androcles and the Lion", I had so much enjoyed the night before'. But by May 4, 1919, 'Androcles and the Lion' was not the 'latest' of Shaw's plays to have been written or to have been presented on the London stage. 'Androcles and the Lion' had been produced for the first time at the St. James's Theatre, London, on September 1, 1913. It was followed by 'Pygmalion' (first English presentation November 18, 1914).

Between 1913 and 1918 a number of Shaw's shorter pieces: 'Great Catherine', 'The Music Cure', 'O'Flaherty, V.C.', 'The Inca of Peru-salem', 'Augustus Does His Bit', and 'Annajanska, the Wild Grand Duchess' were also presented for the first time on the London stage.

These facts and further details are to be found in the *Theatrical Companion to Shaw*, by R. Mander and J. Mitchenson. Mander and Mitchenson do not record a revival performance of 'Androcles and the Lion' on May 4, 1919, and Princess Bibesco does not indicate whether she had just read the play for the first time or seen a production of it in revival on the evening of May 4, 1919. If there was a revival at that time it would be interesting to learn where Princess Marthe Bibesco saw it.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.2

H. M. GEDULD

'Hymns as Poetry'

Sir,—After being away from home I have just seen in THE LISTENER of April 5 a review of the book *Hymns as Poetry*, in which your contributor refers to the three Moravian hymns included in that work. It would be a pity if anyone were misled, either by the anthology or by your review, into believing that the hymns referred to are in any way typical of the Moravians.

We issued our first hymn book in 1501 and it can justly claim to be the oldest Reformed book of worship in existence. It was rooted in the hearts and homes of the people and with its rugged strength of expression, in times of perse-

cution as well as during the weary years of exile, it sustained the faith of our Church. Next year we shall be celebrating the quincentenary of our Church and there is now hardly a Protestant hymn book anywhere which does not contain Moravian hymns by such Moravian hymn-writers as Spangenberg, Zinzendorf, Cennick, and James Montgomery. During the four-and-a-half centuries in which our hymn book has been growing there was a very brief period (of a few years only) in the eighteenth century in which a small number of hymns which today we should regard as objectionable were included—and with 450 years to pick from, the compilers of this anthology have chosen three hymns from this quite untypical phase and labelled them 'Moravian'. Your reviewer describes the compilers' selection as 'masterly'; in this particular, at any rate, I can hardly agree.

Yours, etc.,

Bradford

G. RONALD LLOYD

'... ce que vivent les Groves'

Sir,—Before Mr. Hope-Wallace blows out his brains in despair, let us assure Mr. Marks (THE LISTENER, April 5, 1956) that Mr. Hope-Wallace was alluding to a parody by Victor Hugo of Malherbe's lines. The occasion was the death of a cabhorse on the street, as the cabman stood by cursing. The lines were put into the mouth of Fantine's lover in 'Les Misérables':

*Et, rosse, elle a vécu, ce que vivent les rosses,
L'espace d'un 'Mâin!'*

Yours, etc.,

Ottawa

BERNARD STEVENS

The Last Rabbit?

Sir,—Well, when rabbits really were the enemies, did Mr. J. L. Brighton invite every man he knew owning a gun to help him exterminate them? My own experience was that whenever I wanted an evening's rabbit shooting, the farmers invariably tried to cash in. £1 was the standard price asked.

I know of several whereabouts of promising rabbit revivals, but I am certainly not telling the farmers.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

JOCELYN OLIVER

Gardening

Spring Work with the Soft Fruit

By F. H. STREETER

WITH strawberry plants, you must be careful to keep the soil well up to them, so I would advise you, first, to clean off the dead leaves and clean the bed, and then draw the soil up, like the first earthing up of potatoes. Do not smother them; give the roots enough soil to work in, because the plants are inclined to root up instead of down. Do not straw the strawberries yet awhile; concentrate on keeping the beds clean and free from weeds. If you have a batch of the perpetual-fruiting strawberries, I should take out the first truss or two of bloom, and aim at getting the fruits to succeed the main crop. The frost may have killed a few plants; and in this case I suggest you make up the vacancies with a few of the new runners as soon as they appear. Make certain these perpetuals are firm in the soil by treading the soil round each plant.

Next, the raspberries: the frost sometimes kills the first five or six inches of the raspberry canes, so cut them back to the live buds now pushing out the new growths, and do not forget to dust them with derris powder. One thing that often puzzles many people is the forest of

young raspberry growths along the bottom of the row. If yours are like this, do not be afraid to take them right off, leaving enough to keep the rows supplied with canes for next year—that will mean enough canes to tie in later on at a foot apart. Should you want to increase your stock, and have the room, you could plant some of these growths with a little root on them in a leafy compost, and they will make excellent fruiting canes for next year. Keep the roots moist, that is all. Remember, raspberries are surface rooting and love a cool top mulch. Autumn-fruiting raspberries should have been cut right down to the ground. If you have not done this, do not delay.

Next, the gooseberries: if ever a fruit was neglected it is those established gooseberry bushes. They are allowed to go on for years and expected to carry heavy crops every year, with no encouragement. The gooseberry loves a nice mulch with decayed manure over its roots. You should see what a real gooseberry-grower puts round his trees. He keeps the bushes quite close to the soil—no growing them four- to five-feet high. He also relies on not more than

twelve branches to a bush, often less. But the fruit has to be seen to be believed. Keep every sucker cleaned out from the stem and watch for signs of caterpillars; dust with derris powder and spray with an insecticide. Do not neglect caterpillars, or they will soon eat every leaf. If yours is a very small garden and you like gooseberries, grow a few as cordons. That makes gooseberry picking a pleasure.

Here are a few suggestions: give the black currants a mulch with manure compost. Start disbudding your outside peach tree. Do not allow it to waste its energy on surplus shoots. Never allow that early batch of rhubarb to run to seed—it weakens the plant. Clear away the old bucket that has been covering the crowns. And, finally, go over any new-planted trees carefully to see all the trees are safe, labels clear, and the roots moist.—Home Service

In *Labour-Saving Gardening* (Odham's, 8s. 6d.) F. H. Streeter offers advice on most sides of gardening that are likely to interest the beginner and the amateur, and suggests ways of achieving good results with the minimum of toil.

Art

Nicolas de Staël: 1914-1955

By PATRICK HERON

IMPORTANT contemporaries are often just those who give us no respite from a process of continuous reassessment. We focus and re-focus. But still the pictures we think we know are *changing*; each looks like a new and slightly unfamiliar version of itself every time we see it. Only last month, after repeated visits to Tooth's to look at the late, 'impressionist' de Staëls—those smooth, immensely simple, immensely broad brushstrokes—I came to the conclusion that, the emptier, slicker pictures apart (and there were one or two such), this famous return of his to an obsession with optical reality was splendidly vindicated. There was the Manet-like pre-occupation with tonal silhouettes in greys very nearly identical: the love of a soft, fluid, rapid handling which swept aside all detail, reducing each image to a silk-soft blur (too like Sargent at times?): and there was a Turner-esque obsession with the atmosphere itself—reduced, in de Staël's case, to horizontal colour-layers in sea or sky, peach-pink, opal-grey, lemon and orange at sunset. But now, after visiting the present retrospective exhibition of paintings by this most influential of all post-war French painters at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, I am not quite so sure, again, of this last period: certainly it lacks the wonderful decision of the non-figurative works made between 1946 and 1950 and the abstract-figurative pictures of 1950-52, which mark the height of his achievement. (And by 'abstract-figurative' I mean those paintings in which the abstract components add up to an oblique statement of landscape or still life, without the reference being overt: e.g., 'Composition, 1951-2', No. 23, which is clearly landscape.) The best of the pictures of the final 'realist' phase to be seen at Whitechapel is the large, vertical, very beautiful 'Coin d'Atelier, Fond Bleu, 1951'. There is here a marvellously acute statement of the visual facts in the painting of the boxes, or draped tables, surmounted by a dark bottle and a jar with three brushes sticking up from it: but even in this picture the top left-hand corner blurs into Sargentish vagueness and the rectilinear rhythm of the whole breaks down.

There are other weak moments, revealed in this exhibition, which forbid one to shout unreserved acclaim: although I first became enthusiastic about de Staël (in print) in 1949, today I am forced to step on and off the band-wagon, with irritating lack of conformity, not because I doubt his general stature, but because his rapid development dragged him through a succession of styles of very unequal value. Some were trivial; others of revolutionary grandeur. For instance, the first obvious return to figuration in 1952 marks a terrible fall from grace: what could be further in every way from the marvellously sensuous austerities of such superb masterpieces as the pale 'Composition, 1950' (No. 15) than the poster-like crudity of colour and clumsy blockishness of form of such pictures as 'Les Musiciens, 1952' (No. 28) or the far too summary chunks of the reclining 'Nu, 1953' (No. 35)? For the later, more figurative period one has infinitely more respect—except for the occasional slippery vacuous piece, such as the shocking picture of seagulls (No. 43). To finish with the mediocre, the earliest pictures here, dating from the early nineteen-forties, are also thoroughly

unremarkable. No. 1 in the catalogue, 'Portrait of Jeannine, 1941', is only a competent, Fauve-inclined student's brush-drawing: and the first non-figurative pictures are still academic; whether Constructivist in structure, like Nos. 4 and 5; or nearer in character to those Parisian painters who exhibit at Galerie Denise René, as in Nos. 3 and 6. In all these the paint is orthodox in its thinness, the brittle ease of

composition lacks personality, and the forms are without exception linear: in No. 6, a very good academic abstract, the line is trailed from the nozzle of the tube.

But at some point in 1944 de Staël discovered that he could dispense with line and he began composing with fat little squares or oblongs of thick, brushed paint. The grave, complex, strong works of 1945-48 were the result—and not unlike the work of the brothers van Velde of the same time. But it must have been sometime in 1949 or 1950 that he evolved that massive, squarish blob which was henceforth to dominate his entire art and which is seen, endlessly repeated (large and small, neater or more ragged, squarer or more oblong) throughout the lower half of that magnificent masterpiece, 'Les Toits, 1952', reproduced on this page.

This squarish blob is de Staël's archetype of form. With this device of a mound of thick and gritty pigment forced down on to the canvas with the blade of that sort of wedge-shaped 'scraper' knife which decorators use for getting old wallpaper off walls, de Staël discovered a new means for creating spatial planes. And this discovery has echoed more widely in the work of contemporary painters, both in Europe and America, than any other post-war pictorial innovation. The immense plastic power of these round-



'Les Toits, 1952' by Nicolas de Staël: from the exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery

cornered squares of flat, matt, cement-like paint is not easy to account for. Perhaps it lies in their *floating* freedom from any scaffolding of drawing? Each dense, opaque plane floats at a different depth, away from the picture-surface: each thus registers a different spatial recession; no two planes exist at the same depth. The fact that these great lozenges, in the lower half of 'Les Toits', derive from city roofs, is not supremely important. Indeed, we find it difficult to reconstruct any exact feature of the Paris rooftops. It is enough that a rectilinear, architectural metropolitan *rhythm* controls all the chunky forms which recede from the bottom of this wonderful canvas up (and away) to the line of the horizon. It is enough that we are out of doors. The atmospheric blue-greys and broken whites create the city haze. Yet just as one's imagination takes up the thread, reading into squarish gobbets of smoke-grey paint a detailed memory, infinitely complex, of the chimneys and aerials which thread any urban skyline—just at this moment one's eye reaffirms that this paint is paint; and not merely a transparent medium of communication which exists only in order to pass on to us the sensation of a real sky, real roofs. In that direction lies the fallacy of realism. No: in de Staël the double function of fine painting is always apparent: each form, each area of paint is both itself (an area of paint) and, at the same instant, the communication of illusion—the almost tangible illusion of forms in space—out there! before your very eyes!

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Dylan Thomas in America. By John Malcolm Brinnin. Dent. 18s.

THE AUTHOR of this truthful and terrible book told us as Dylan Thomas' lecture agent and general manager on each of his four trips to America. But the relationship between them was very much closer than that; *Dylan Thomas in America* is the record of a friendship as much as it is the log-book of Thomas' descent into hell. It is moreover a record, and a log-book, that tells nothing whatever. We are given precise dates and locations of every party Thomas ever attended, what he drank there, what he failed to eat there, whose bed he slept in. Above all, the last catastrophic visit, Thomas' agonies of body and mind as delirium tremens approached him, the endless nightmarish days of waiting in St. Vincent's Hospital, are reconstructed down to the tiniest detail. But it is palpably a labour of love, not of malice.

This book is certain to give rise to the most embarrassing controversies. Many persons will maintain, with at least a show of justification, that it should never have been published: Mr. Brinnin will be accused of having far exceeded the bounds of decent revelation, especially during the lifetime of the widow and children of the dead. Others will feel that vague and contradictory rumours about the ways and means of the poet's end have been circulating for too long and widely. Dylan Thomas has already taken on much of the stature of myth; it is until the publication of *Dylan Thomas in America* it was a myth, to shift the metaphor, making the fifth act. Now we have it. And it is, in its way, an epic ending of peculiar relevance for our times, a brief and terrifying miniature of the poisoned relations between the artist and the modern world. It is perhaps just as well that the general public should hear, for once, in unemotional and factual detail, just how at least half of the finest poetic minds of the present generation live, and how one of them committed at any rate a sort of suicide by drink. 'Self-destroyed by the direst means to an end', simply because he found the conditions of his existence as an artist intolerable.

Other controversies will be of a more personal nature. As always after a self-inflicted death, the friends of the dead are tending to work off their own feelings of personal insufficiency and guilt by recrimination of others. Any reader who has the least spirit of contention about him will attach himself to the one party or the other; indeed Thomas' bones seem as likely to be harled over as once were D. H. Lawrence's. The danger is obviously that Thomas the man will be substituted for Thomas the poet. Mr. Brinnin's book, however, will perhaps tend to quench the fires rather than to fan them. It is written from a definite and strongly personal viewpoint, but it is eminently fair and objective within its limits, and the two personalities that emerge from it are admirable. Thomas appears as one who, with all his failings, is large enough to stand any amount of truth; Mr. Brinnin as one who really believes, what so many pay only lip-service to, that 'the truth shall make us free'. This is one of the most remarkable experiments in biography of our times.

We Built a Country

By J. F. Lipscomb. Faber. 15s.

Mr. Lipscomb is a Kenya settler in the strict sense of the word—one of the two thousand or so white men who have made productive land

that they found virgin bush, and one of those who have taken the technical side of farming seriously, learning all they could of the problems of Kenya soils and climate, of the crossing of local with imported stock, making their own experiments and putting into practice the results of others'. He loves the land and sees with passion its destruction by African methods that are no longer appropriate now that limits are set to extensive farming. He thinks of his employees as friends; when the emergency broke out his farm hands, mostly Kikuyu, had been with him for an average of fifteen years. He describes the emergency in terms of one or two incidents—a night on duty with the Police Reserve, the story of a farm headman tricked into taking the Mau Mau oath. He quotes a typical farmer: 'When shall we finish with this bloody show and be able to get back full time to farming?' and gives his own view, a typical farmer's again: 'It is much more important to ensure that the African lands are properly farmed than it is to decide how many Africans are permitted to make speeches in Legislative Council'.

But he is not really, so naive as to think of politics as an irrelevant interruption of the job, nor is he an advocate of *baasskap* or *apartheid*. He is hopeful that the secret of inter-racial co-operation may be found in Kenya, but insisting on the need for a prolonged period of European leadership. 'I am quite happy', he writes, 'to share with Africans the government of the country which is both mine and theirs to an extent which is related to their ability to hold their own with Europeans in commercial, professional, industrial, and agricultural life. But I will not endanger the future of our country by agreeing to any measures by which the control of government could pass prematurely into hands that I know are as yet unfitted to hold it'. He does not see the Mau Mau movement as a symptom of a state of mind among Africans that will make this position untenable, but rather as a sort of plague which could have been nipped in the bud if the Kenya Government had shown sufficient resolution.

Personality and Group Relations. By Michael P. Fogarty. Longmans. 30s.

A man earning his living might be thought of as being at the centre of a system of concentric circles. There he is, with his personality and character forged, out of whatever raw material there was, in the fires of experience. He is a member of a working group, he belongs to an industrial or business enterprise, the enterprise is set in a locality, its destiny is determined by its relations with other enterprises in the economic system of the country, and this in turn is determined by world economic affairs. This order, from the work team to the large circle of the nation, is not precisely the one followed by Professor Fogarty, but he has something valuable to say about every step in the progression from psychology to sociology.

He starts with the individual and his opportunities in England today; his chances of getting and holding a job, his chances of making use of the educational ladder, and his chances of rising in the social scale. Next come case histories of small groups, drawn from recent social psychological research. The factory organisation, and the cross currents of opposed interests which have to be considered, if relations are to be harmonious, are analysed. The influence of industry on its immediate environment, and vice

versa, is described. The place of particular industries in the total pattern of industries is discussed. So we arrive at the national setting and its problems of control.

Professor Fogarty tells us that he has written his book as a text-book for his students. He has produced something more than that, if one thinks of a 'text-book' as a collection of dull essentials. He has brought together a considerable amount of material, which is scattered about in journals, government publications, specialised studies, and unpublished research, and out of it he has constructed a scheme well worth the attention of everyone who is interested in the wider issues of industrial relations. The only complaint that can be made is that there are too few page references. The task of ensuring accurate documentation is, as we all know, one of the most tedious in the world. Perhaps some grateful student might undertake it for the next edition.

MacArthur: 1941-1951. Victory in the Pacific. By Maj.-Gen. C. A. Willoughby and John Chamberlain.

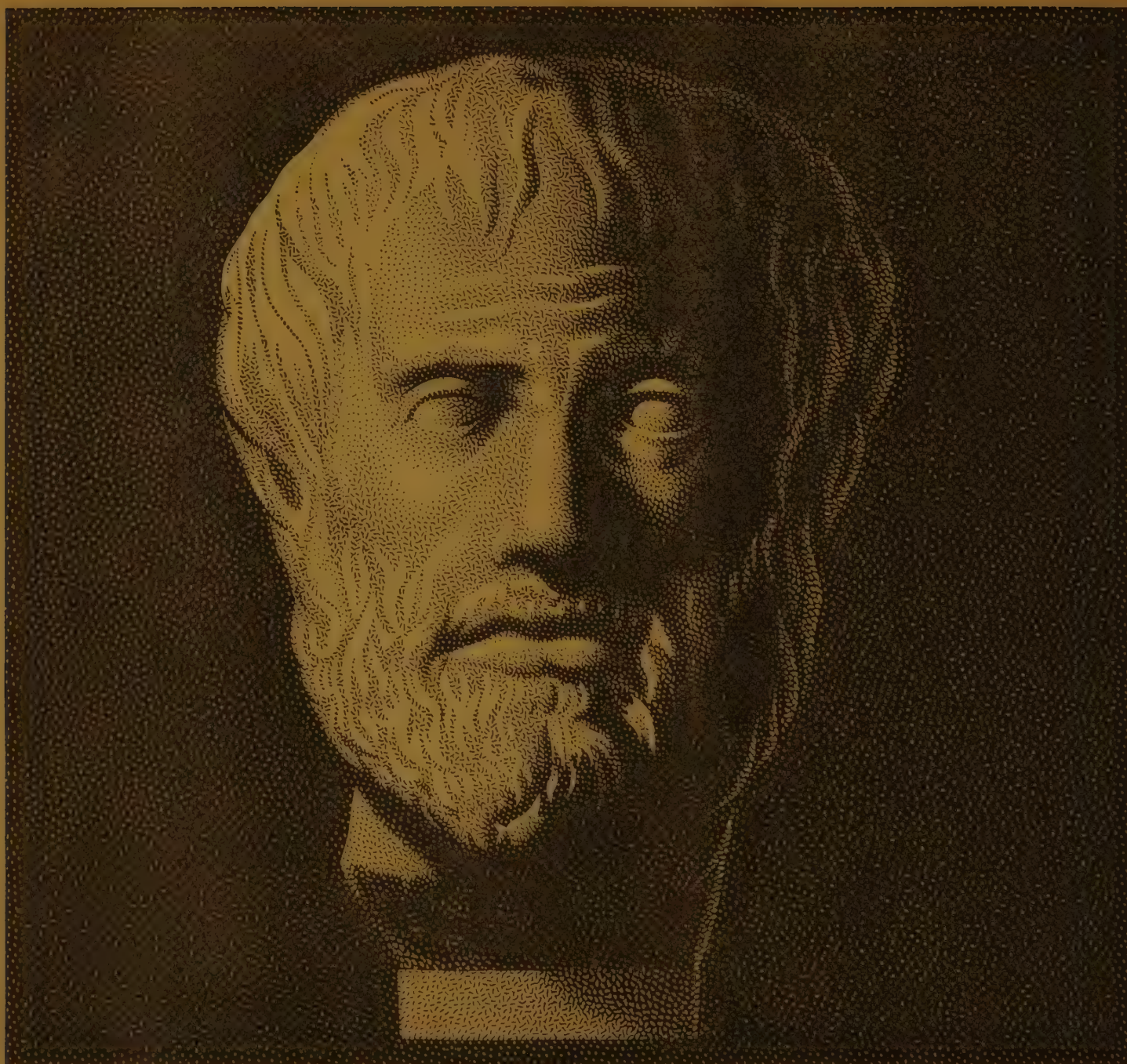
Heinemann. 42s.

This book, so we are informed in the preface, 'is not to be regarded as in the nature of General MacArthur's memoirs'. It is, however, based on material read and annotated by him, and the chief of its two authors, General Willoughby, was not only MacArthur's intelligence officer throughout the Pacific campaigns, but a close personal friend and, of recent times, his official spokesman. Thus, although presented as a personal record, it can be taken to represent General MacArthur's own views of the war in the Far East.

It contains a great deal of extremely interesting information hitherto unpublished, particularly on the guerrilla activities which preceded the reconquest of the Philippines, and the account given of the various battles which led to the eventual defeat of Japan leaves no doubt in the reader's mind that General MacArthur was not only one of the outstanding generals of the war, but probably one of the great strategists of all time. It is, therefore, regrettable that General Willoughby has seen fit to write in a spirit of uncritical adulation. MacArthur's achievements are a matter of history and can stand on their own; there was no need to suggest, as is here done, that they were carried out in the face of antagonism from Washington, the U.S. Navy, and even the British.

The last five chapters (one third of the whole book) deal with the occupation of Japan, the war in Korea, and General MacArthur's dismissal. They are both controversial and at times wilfully misleading. It is, for instance, at least doubtful that:

A principal bar to Japan's attempt to build up its competitive position in the world under the Occupation was the attitude of the British, who sought by one means or another to bring Japan under the control of the sterling bloc. MacArthur always refused to allow the British to have their will in this matter at a time when the United States was subsidising Japanese recovery with dollars. Because of this pertinacity in combating British attempts to place permanent fetters on Japan's industrial capacity, MacArthur encountered increasing animosity in No. 10 Downing Street. His closest advisers always suspected that the fight over London's suggested strait-jacket on Japan's import-export economy played a very important part in setting the stage for his dismissal. These secrets are locked in the



ARISTOTLE 384 — 322 B.C.

Though for long his outlook was largely misunderstood, Aristotle in fact propounded precisely the system of enquiring which to-day we call scientific method. The drawing is after the sculpture in the Vienna Art-History Museum.

*The true scientist is a man who is
happy because he is discontented. All knowledge
is good yet none of it good enough. Hence the research
by which industry progresses.*

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archives, but members of MacArthur's Tokyo staff are certain that British pressure helped to bring Mr. Truman to the sticking point in the great drama of recall.

In point of fact Mr. Truman, with the support of Generals Marshall and Bradley, dismissed General MacArthur because the latter was seeking to precipitate an all-out war with the Communist world, which, to those best able to judge, seemed highly undesirable. The authors suggest that the public statements on this matter made at the time by MacArthur were merely reasonable expressions of opinion, but Mr. Truman, in his own memoirs, states that they were in open defiance of his orders as President and Commander-in-Chief, and that he should have relieved MacArthur two years earlier than he did. And, incidentally, there is no mention of MacArthur's ignoring of the President's invitation to return to the United States for consultation, a state of affairs that in Great Britain would almost certainly have led to his instant recall. For all his military genius, General MacArthur was not a statesman and he seems to have been incapable of taking an overall view of the world situation; nor, despite the authors' reiterated statements to the contrary, is he an innately modest man. Nevertheless, despite its bias, this book is of considerable historical importance.

Interpretations. Edited by John Wain. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 25s.

How exciting it was in the good old days when Mr. Richards, or Mr. Graves, or Mr. Empson first started taking poems to pieces, and quizzing their screws and cogwheels under their watchmaker's glasses! But that is ancient history and, where once the odd banner fluttered bravely against the wind of critical disapprobation, the second- and third-generation proselytes crowd shoulder to shoulder in a serried four-square block of orthodoxy—though, like most fairly new orthodoxies, this one will go on believing itself an *avant-garde* for the next century or so. *Interpretations* is the product of these pupils and pupils' pupils, a collection of twelve close analyses of English poems by twelve young critics: it provides a good opportunity for assessing the merits of this type of criticism as such—that is to say, in the hands of competent bankers rather than those of the three peculiarly original and gifted men who initiated it.

The assessment would appear to be 'something but not very much'. Close analysis after all is only what any conscientious reader will devote to a poem, though he will accomplish it mentally and without *Interpretations'* plethora of inelegant jargon. In the nineteenth century the good critic underwent this process *before* he set pen to paper, and he assumed that the good reader would do the same before he set eye to criticism. Undoubtedly he was frequently wrong in this assumption, however, and his own analysis was merely superficial and perfunctory; he skimmed the words and went straight on to discuss *sa vie, ses œuvres, son influence*, without really understanding his raw material. In so far as it brought these literary levitators back to earth, the 'new criticism' was an undisguised benefit. In the 'pupils' hands, however, it tends merely to degenerate into a more or less naive account of 'how I learned to understand and enjoy this poem'. The tender critic, one feels, flushed with the excitement of his very first conquest, rushes to boast and instruct. The reader, who has in all probability made this identical conquest long before, will hear him out in a mocking spirit if at all. He will expect to find, and he will find, conscientious subtleties jostling undigested crudities or gross sensitivities that a little soberer reflection

might have done away with. Thus the commentator on Hopkins' 'Windhover' ('I caught this morning morning's minion') pontificates:

The three *ms* emphasise the running stress-words 'morning', 'morning's', 'minion'; but of first importance is the *grading* of the stresses. 'Morning's' takes a more emphatic stress than 'morning' and forces a pause between the two words. This pause allows the stress variation full play and emphasises the progression from the temporal 'morning' to the possessive impersonification 'morning's'. 'Minion' takes the lightest stress of the whole of this first phase. . . .

Lovely! But anyone who reads the line *aloud* will find himself grading these three stresses medium-soft-loud, not medium-loud-soft. The same critic equally fails to tackle the only real crux of this poem, the interpretation of 'buckle' in

Brute beauty and valour and act, oh air, pride,
plume here Buckle!

That Hopkins, in leaving open quite contradictory and mutually destructive meanings of 'crumple' and 'join together', should simply have been writing badly, is, of course, not even considered. Oddly enough, the poems that seem to reward their critics most richly are not the ambiguity-studded favourites by Donne, Hopkins, Eliot, but those in which the difficulties are of content or implication rather than language: 'Christabel' (Charles Tomlinson), Lionel Johnson's 'The Dark Angel' (Iain Fletcher).

The collection is edited and introduced by Mr. John Wain in that brand of young man's pomposity masquerading as Honest-Joe chin-wag that characterises so many members of this school. 'This is because I happen to believe . . .', he says; as if his beliefs were such jolly democratic accidents as the colour of his hair or the number of his female cousins.

Continuity and Change in Russian and Soviet Thought. Edited by Ernest J. Simmons. Geoffrey Cumberlege, for Harvard University Press. 60s.

This book is a compendium of papers by various authors describing the history of ideas and the contributions of selected individuals to that history in the periods before and after 1917. The endeavour of the book is to establish or deny continuity or change in Russian and Soviet thought. The papers, which cover economic, political, aesthetic, and philosophical themes, are divided into six groups under the headings 'Realism and Utopia in Russian Economic Thought', 'Authoritarianism and Democracy', 'Collectivism and Individualism', 'Rationality and Nonrationality', 'Literature, State, and Society', 'Russia and the Community of Nations—Messianic Views and Theory of Action', and each group of papers is reviewed by a leading authority in the field. By this method of review, and by the holding of a conference at which the papers were discussed and thereafter revised, it was doubtless hoped to give cohesion to the whole.

Unfortunately this hope has not been realised. The book remains a collection of twenty-six articles by twenty-six different hands, and the inevitable comparison with the sweep and unity of Thomas Masaryk's great classic is immensely damaging. Indeed, some of the six commentators themselves recognise the dangers and artificiality of the method: Professor Merle Fainsod writes (page 172) that the contributors 'in their collective wisdom . . . have avoided the issues of continuity and change like the plague', and he shows how the selection of political topics invites the reader 'to see Russian political history in terms of the merging of autocracy into a triumphant totalitarianism, while liberal con-

stitutionalism plays a recessive and fading role'. Similarly Professor Karpovich (pages 178-80) asks 'can one establish continuity merely on the basis of a very general similarity of the final aim?', and pertinently points to the existence in the western world also of some of the traits found by the contributors to be typically Russian. It may well be questioned whether any conclusions at all can be drawn from the mere juxtaposition of studies of 'Khomiakov on *Sobornost*' and 'Vyshinsky's Concept of Collectivity', of 'Darwinism and the Russian Orthodox Church' and *L'affaire Lysenko*, of the hero in Chernyshevskii and the hero in Soviet literature before the death of Stalin. Moreover that temporal qualification may be of importance: such continuity as may have been thought to exist between pre-1917 and pre-1953 aesthetics might itself have been broken by the literary upsurge of the post-Stalin period. But when all this is said, and provided the greatest care is exercised to avoid founding judgements on the selected and partial evidence here presented, it remains true that there is in this book much of value. Almost without exception the papers by themselves are of a uniformly high quality, marked by scholarship, by insight, and, as in the case of Mr. Berlin's study of Herzen and Bakunin, by originality, and the student of Russian thought will find these pages greatly rewarding—though he would be well advised to dip and not to read right through.

The Paintings of Bruegel

Complete Edition by F. Crossmann.

Phaidon Press. 42s.

'There are few works by his hand', wrote Carel van Mander, 'which the observer can contemplate solemnly and with a straight face. However stiff, morose, or surly he may be, he cannot help chuckling or at any rate smiling'. An examination of the excellent illustrations of this wholly admirable book (a book which should most decidedly be bought rather than borrowed) will indeed show some clumsy whirlinggigging children falling plump upon grass, some boorish caperings and ludicrous sprawlings that may bring a faint smile to the lips; but painting, though it may be a proper vehicle for wit, does not lend itself to roaring farce. Humour seldom outlives its age and van Mander's commendation—like the ancient legend of the death of Zeuxis—fails to carry conviction. Pieter Bruegel the Elder does not strike us as being a particularly funny painter, perhaps we smile less easily than our forefathers. But is it possible that even the seventeenth century could smile at 'The Triumph of Death' or at the 'Fall of the Rebel Angels'? It were easier to laugh; for when no abominable detail is spared, when the artist's invention leads him to the ultimate horrors of deformity, agony, terror, and cruelty, when genius transports the mind into that nightmare world in which loathsome impossibilities are made entirely convincing, then laughter is one's sole remaining defence.

If Pieter Bruegel cannot be classed as a pure comedian, neither is he, in a pure sense, tragic; his art is Shakespearean in that he is capable of lyrical serenity, of the most loving and careful treatment of landscape, and that, disregarding all notions of dramatic unity, or decorum, he mingles, contrasts and harmonises opposite moods. Unlike Grunewald he does not dramatise nature; the landscape remains indifferent to the action which, in consequence, receives a greater air of probability. In much the same way the painter declines to point to the main action of his stories; we must hunt to find St. Paul amidst the crowd journeying to Damascus, Icarus falls from the skies unobserved by the busy peasants in the foreground, and Christ is

an inconspicuous figure, lost in the multitude which converges upon Calvary. In this last case the lack of theatrical management is intensely dramatic. It is this manner of reporting events as they would actually have been seen which, above all, places Bruegel apart both from his predecessors and his contemporaries. He was not only a reactionary but a realist.

The scholars, whose views Dr. Grossmann summarises in the clearest possible manner, may point to certain affinities with the Italian Mannerists and may even find, in some of his vigorous simplifications of form, a sort of idealisation. Nevertheless it is hard not to take the view that Bruegel refused to follow the pictorial fashion of his time and that, in so far as he belongs to any movement, it is to that of Bosch and his Flemish predecessors. In 1552, at an age when most young painters are ready to receive new impressions and at a time when Rome had already begun to cast her spell over the art of the Low Countries, Bruegel crossed the Alps and travelled the length of Italy. The whole recent and splendid achievement of the Renaissance was there for him to see; but he returned in 1555 to paint as though Michelangelo had never existed. An illiterate peasant might have been shielded from foreign influences by his native ignorance; but we know that Bruegel was very far from being an illiterate peasant. He was in fact in close contact with humanists and might have been expected to be in sympathy with humanist painting. And yet, somehow, he was able to resist. That he did resist, that he took the side of his own northern genius against so much that was new, captivating and noble in Italian painting is surely indicative of a high degree of spiritual independence, a heroic nonconformity comparable with that of the nineteenth-century revolutionaries. It is, in truth, the same inner conviction, the same pure fidelity to one's own vision which inspires the innovator on the one hand and the reactionary on the other, and both can, given that motive, produce great works of art.

Delinquent Boys. By Albert K. Cohen. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 21s.

In the light of current penological literature, Professor Cohen of Indiana University makes a couple of points which needed emphasising in the study of juvenile delinquency. The first is that, typically, juvenile delinquency tends to differ from adult crime in being non-utilitarian, malicious, and negativistic; it tends far more to vandalism and destruction, to theft or violence for the thrill rather than for the profit. The second is that in the United States, and one suspects also in English cities, there exist age-grade groups with an ethos which justifies and promotes counter-mores behaviour; when youths, especially from certain working-class districts, do not, for one reason or another, fit in with the 'respectable' mores of the society, they can find alternative associations or gangs which will give them confidence and status in anti-respectable behaviour. When so much peno-

logical literature is exculpatory, seeing juvenile delinquency as maladjustment (rather than an alternative adjustment) due to broken homes, naughty parents, and similar excuses, the sociological point was worth making.

Unfortunately, the greater part of Professor Cohen's book does not deal with observation or analysis of gang behaviour, but with very questionable and on the whole unsatisfactory attempts to provide a theoretical framework for the concept of the juvenile gang. He is free with the terms 'culture' and 'sub-culture' but does not use them in a way which anthropologists would accept; he makes culture an entirely psychological concept of 'problem-solution' and considers that each discernible association or institution has its own 'sub-culture'. This



Detail from Bruegel's 'The Corn Harvest (August)': 1565

From 'The Paintings of Bruegel'

unnecessary use of the term is then joined to social class analysis as developed by Lloyd Warner and his associates; since the 'sub-culture' of the American schools is middle class, lower class boys will feel themselves at a disadvantage and of low status and so will join a delinquent gang as a place where they can regain self-respect. Though a simplification, this is barely a distortion of Professor Cohen's argument; and one wonders why, in the light of this argument, some working-class children fail to become delinquent, why 'status discontent' only motivates a minority. In a short foreword Professor W. J. H. Sprott stresses the useful aspects of Professor Cohen's approach, provides a little comparable data from on-going English studies, and is tactfully reticent about the 'theories' which take up the greater part of the text.

Gondal's Queen. By Emily Brontë. Arranged by Fannie E. Ratchford. Nelson (University of Texas Press). 18s.

Gondal's Queen is described by its arranger and editress as 'A Novel in Verse by Emily Brontë'. Miss Ratchford is somewhat over-bidding her hand however, and raising undue

expectations only to partly disappoint them; for the book consists merely of rather less than half of Emily's surviving verses set between prose links by the editress. These links are not, of course, mere imaginative weavings; but the extent to which they are actually based on solid evidence is unfortunately obscured by the unscholarly method of presentation. This is not to deny the potential importance of Miss Ratchford's work. She has clearly established that, most, perhaps all, of Emily's poetry is to be referred to her visionary world of 'Gondal' rather than to be taken in any direct sense as personal expression (though of course in an indirect sense the whole of the Gondal world is self-expression); and this immensely significant fact will have to be taken into account by all future critics.

The 'Gondal game' began when the Brontë sisters were still in the schoolroom; it was the sort of make-believe world, complete with Pacific islands, romantic empresses, inter-necine dynasties, that might have been expected from any closely knit and intelligent family thrown back on its own intellectual resources. They played Gondal together, and scrawled long childish stories about it on horrid little scraps of paper. In the normal course of things Charlotte and Branwell grew out of this and passed on to more adult amusements. But Emily, who was ferociously immature in some ways, refused to give it up and was still, at the age of 30, inhabiting the same imaginative world that she had entered at 14; and she had dominated her complaining younger sister Anne into continuing to inhabit it also—thus, for instance, during a three-day visit to York in 1845 ('our first long journey by ourselves together') the sisters dramatised themselves as fugitive Gondalan royalists; this at the ages of 26 and 25 respectively.

All Emily's Gondalan prose has been lost, and we are left with the mere *membra disjuncta* of the poetic commentaries or insertions. It is the gist of this prose which Miss Ratchford is here attempting to reconstruct, aided both by internal evidence and by analogies from surviving nursery prose of Anne and Charlotte. She has brought to it the qualities of persistence and devotion—'I spent uncounted hours in concentrated effort to think Emily's thoughts and feel Emily's emotions after her'. But alas! it requires more than the most strenuously concentrated effort to enable one to think and feel like an Emily Brontë. Miss Ratchford's flat and cliché-studded prose does not inspire confidence in her as the Brontë *de nos jours*. Nor do many of her practices and comments inspire confidence in her as scholar and editress.

To add to the puzzle, I found by some obscure Gondalan convention father and child did not always bear the same family name: a conversation between a father and daughter is headed 'I.M. to I.G.'.

she remarks in one place, without pausing to consider that, where the daughter is married, the same 'obscure convention' obtains in Texas. In another place she hesitatingly annotates Emily's 'Verb Sap':

Probably Emily's abbreviation and application of the Latin phrase *Verbum sat sapienti est*.

On the evidence of her own photo-facsimile she silently alters Emily's 'buissey' to 'busy' (page 118), while retaining idiosyncratic spellings in other places. She seldom or never steps outside the Brontë world: a study of Emily's *verses* (for instance, her heroine Geraldine is early partly based on Coleridge's Geraldine 'Christabel') is a powerful potential aid that she seems hardly aware of. More seriously still, the number of the poems cannot possibly belong to the places to which she has assigned them: for instance Prince Julius, a promising young undergraduate at the Palace of Instruction, is made to give vent to his feelings in a poem in which he describes himself as sixty-three years old and grey-haired (page 53); this may very well be Emily's own inconsistency, but it cannot in any case be merely passed over in silence. At the same time it is only fair to add Miss Atchford's own disclaimer:

If another using the knowledge I have gathered

and, I hope, correcting errors I may have made, can go beyond me . . . I shall have no regrets that the privilege was not mine.

That is at once modestly and heroically spoken; and whatever its imperfections, *Gondal's Queen* will prove an indispensable book to the scholar and a fascinating one to the general reader.

Wild Life of Australia and New Guinea By C. Barrett. Heinemann. 21s.

The wonderful and unique fauna of Australia has been harried and destroyed for over a century and a half; it is small wonder that some species have been exterminated and many others drastically reduced in numbers. Now at last a more enlightened public opinion is growing up, and Australians are beginning to realise that their fauna and flora are worth preserving, studying, and enjoying. The development of

this more enlightened point of view has been encouraged by the writings of such authors as Charles Barrett.

He covers a very wide field—the mammals, birds, reptiles, amphibia, fishes, and even some of the invertebrates of the continent, the first two being given the greatest space. And this is as it should be, for the Australian mammals, the pouched marsupials, and the egg-laying monotremes, are not only of extreme importance to the zoologist, but are a source of unending interest to the amateur naturalist. The birds too, birds of paradise, cockatoos and parrots, the kookaburra, penguins, and hundreds of others, have an even wider appeal. Among the stranger of the invertebrates there is the giant earthworm which may reach a length of eleven feet when extended, and the honey-pot ants which are eaten by the aborigines 'much as we eat grapes; the swollen abdomen, filled with honey, is bitten off, crushed against the palate and swallowed'.

New Novels

The Heart of a Rose. By Simon Harcourt-Smith. Constable. 15s.

The Burnt Offering. By Albrecht Goes. Translated by Michael Hamburger. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

Felicity. By Kate Mary Bruce. Heinemann. 13s. 6d.

The Straight and Narrow Path. By Honor Tracy. Methuen. 12s. 6d.

Adventures in Bukhara. By Leonid Solov'yev. Lawrence and Wishart. 9s. 6d.

It is, I think, difficult for Mr. Harcourt-Smith to write a book without a grotto or a gazebo in it. Born a couple of centuries too late, he lives determinedly in a more elegant world. Vanbrugh, Kent, 'Capability' Brown, painting birds in Chinese saloons, these are his companions; and in his new novel, *The Heart of a Rose*, he takes us on a sight-seeing tour of Venice at the turn of the century. We sit out at loggias and listen to an Austrian band; we visit patricians' villas on the Brenta, ecstasise over Veronese; we seem always on the point of doing something delicately indecent in a gondola with people whose names are Marie-Louise de Haute Palaise, Tryphena Caudle, Mr. Foljambe, or Sir Lavington french-Kempton. Mr. Harcourt-Smith's mind is a storehouse of knowledge, various and curious, about eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Europe; and his story, about the sale of a Veronese to the British government, as complicated and entangled as a Venetian imbroglio. Many readers will be amazed (and some delighted) that there should be anyone like Mr. Harcourt-Smith writing today, in 1956, so clearly uninterested in the mob and their sweaty nightcaps. It is as if he had turned his back on the Welfare State for ever.

If he is over-addicted to the simile ('he wore a like a dark cloud'), he is nourished on the classics and cannot help writing well. His sentences have shape, balance, economy. There are passages, too, such as his philosophic reply to the question 'What is truth?' (on page 110), which are of high humanity. This little incursion into the garden of Boccaccio, where nothing matters that happens outside, is, to me at least, a pleasant relief from the fashionable tales of guilt and barbarity of our times.

Mr. Albrecht Goes' *The Burnt Offering* is a very different matter. Flaunting on its fly-leaf the recommendations of half a dozen countries, it comes from modern Germany. The author describes it somewhere as, 'about the mauled and mangled lives of those who have passed through the great mincing machine of the age'. He is referring to the Jews. To continue the deous metaphor, he tells of a Jewish butcher's shop in Germany which is blitzed during the war; mincemeat, in fact, is made of the mince-eat-makers. This shop, which sells Kosher

meat, is the only place where Jews can assemble with impunity. So they turn it into a clandestine synagogue; the Rabbi mumbles his service as the women queue up for rations. Needless to say, Nazi thugs come in uproariously, pull old Jews about by their beards, stub out cigarettes on women's cheeks, and so on.

In spite of Canon Collins of St. Paul's commendation on the cover that this book is 'a Christian masterpiece', I should describe it rather as a piece of propaganda against brutality. And as such, it seems to me to miss its mark. It is too serious. Laughter, not tears, has always been the literary weapon which thug rulers have most feared as a criticism of their pretensions. Charlie Chaplin's treatment of the nazis was better than Herr Goes'. Herr Goes has, it is true, drawn a very human portrait of the butcher's wife, a Christian who helps the Jews. But his tale lacks the irony, the Voltairean high scorn which alone can reveal the butting beastliness of the nazis. The Germans have often confused gravity with profundity and levity with superficiality. And I am afraid that here Herr Goes, whatever his exact racial ancestry, has inherited something of the confusion.

In *Felicity*, Kate Mary Bruce has achieved a minor *tour de force*. She has written a novel consisting almost entirely of family gossip, and yet made it interesting. I must confess that novels told largely in the first person by small girls are not normally my favourite reading; but it was not long before I found myself amazed at the subtle handling of the relationships between father and daughter, grandmother and father, daughter-in-law and grandmother, etc. The tale hangs on a tenuous thread—the liaison of the father and his mistress, an old family friend—which serves really as a pretext to express nursery, drawing-room, and green-baize-door chatter, all set in the gentler days of an earlier part of the century. Miss Bruce's men tend to be Old Etonians; and with her women one senses the affinity to pearls. Yet she has an ear for the vernacular of all the classes she so skilfully depicts in dialogue. Equally skilful is the way in which, almost unconsciously, she develops the personality of Felicity, the father's mistress, as seen through childish eyes. This is a witty and evocative piece of writing.

Miss Honor Tracy, author of *The Straight and Narrow Path*, is said to be having a squabble with the Irish whom she satirised in an earlier book. They would be humourless kill-joys if they took exception to this new satire on their priests, lawyers, and eccentrics; for there is nothing malicious in it. Uncommonly well written, its funniness derives less from overtly hilarious scenes than from exact observation and Miss Tracy's precise use of language. She starts off with a scene in the nunnery grounds which might, indeed, give offence to the exceptionally devout—nuns leaping over a bonfire on Midsummer's Eve, in celebration (she maintains) of an ancient pagan fertility rite. On this incident and the religious squabbles which arise from it, she hangs a tale of parochial pettiness which, as in all good novels, seems to have a far wider application, recalling, more than any other book I know, the *Curé de Tours*. Like Balzac, too, Miss Tracy chaffs her parish priest mercilessly but good-humouredly, making the reader like him because of, not in spite of, his failings—a considerable tribute to an author. She knows her Irish duck-pond life, with the poachers, priests, policemen, and drunkards all lurching around it in a kind of witches' sabbat.

The Soviets have produced a *Haji Baba*. Leonid Solov'yev's *Adventures in Bukhara*, first published in Russia in 1938 and now presented in a good translation by Tatiana Shebunina belongs to the great tradition of oriental picaresque fiction. The likeable rogue hero; his familiarity with water-carriers, horse copers, dervish story-tellers, itinerant vendors of smoke adulterated with dung; the impaled heads; the rascalion ever thumbing his nose at authority. It is the familiar tale without a plot of the rogue turning the most unfavourable situations to the advantage of himself and his fellow-dwellers in the tents of the lowly. This is Morier's world. Indeed, there is nothing even specifically Russian about it. The satire of officialdom and the secret police is so distant from Soviet Moscow, in time as well as place, that it apparently gave no offence, even in 1938.

The publishers must be congratulated on such an elegant production at the moderate price of 9s. 6d.

ANTHONY RHODES

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

A Lively Week

WE MAY TAKE IT as an offhand ordinance of fate that the appointment of a new head of B.B.C. television coincides with the launching of an important series of programmes under the title of 'We, the British: Are We In Decline?' It will not be surprising if there are those who see in the new series one more symptom of precisely that condition, the fearful introspection of a dying organism. If Christopher Mayhew, coming back to our screens to resume his role of interpreter of current affairs, can compel us to understand that recovering a national dynamic



As seen by the viewer: Mr. Khrushchev (left) and Mr. Bulganin answering questions at their press conference at the Central Hall, Westminster, on April 27

is one of the rarest facts of history, he will be able to say with Browning: 'I have done some service in my time'. The quotation, by the way, is not complete; it ends: 'And had not been paid profusely'. Let us hope, perhaps incontinently, that it will not be echoed in Mr. Mayhew's traffic with the B.B.C. It will be fair to suspend judgement of his efforts until the six programmes have run their course. The first was full of promise. I revel in old news-reels, a viewing pleasure which B.B.C. television has curiously neglected. Old news-reels will presumably provide a large part of the material of the new series, which can hardly be effective in illustration or analysis without them. Last week they were used with a nice discrimination, removing any fear that we might be in for a reproduction of sentimentalities at the 'Cavalcade' level.

For most of us the week's high point was the press conference with the Soviet leaders at the Central Hall, Westminster, rallying place of one of Christendom's most staunch and vigorous communities. Its foundations were dug out of the site of the Royal Aquarium, a popular resort of the 'seventies. The unfinished Central Hall, in 1909, supplied some of the inspiration for a considerable English novel, Arnold Bennett's *Clayhanger*. Now, here under its roof were two of the leading representatives of twentieth-century Russian power, and, facing them, a cosmopolitan assemblage of would-be communicants of hope for the world. In Central Hall annals it must rank as a remarkable event. For us viewers it was entirely interesting, our first chance of having a good inquisitive stare

at Mr. Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev and of deciding whether, like Odysseus, they look wiser when seated, in which matter the cameras served us well. When Robert McKenzie had given us his capable summing-up, we were in a position to form our own opinion about his suggestion that Bulganin is under Khrushchev's thumb.

In its power to give us the facts at first hand, television easily beats all the other methods of communication. A pity that it was not functioning at the now notorious dinner party at which the visitors clashed with their Labour Party hosts. Concerning that occasion, the *Sunday Express*, last Sunday, denounced what it called Hugh Gaitskell's ham-fistedness, while *The Observer*, on the same day, praised him for his tact. Television, which seems fated to add to the noise of the world, might make some reparation by helping to lessen its confusions.

Thinking back over a lively week, I find that the Oxford foray of the 'Panorama' film camera stays in the mind. Woodrow Wyatt's microphone, bravely thrust into the middle of the throng, brought us more than amusing back-chat, though one enjoyed that too: 'I've not been able to see the Bulge for the Khrush', and the thematic chorusing of 'Poor old Joe'. It was a stethoscope at the heart of the most serious-minded generation that was ever at Oxford and it was reassuring about at least one important cause that will not be lost there, for all the vociferous by-play. The film may have a narrow archival interest in providing confirmation, also, of the breakdown of the massive security arrangements for the Russian visit to Oxford. For his solo appearance on our screens after the visitors had sailed from Portsmouth the Prime Minister used notes, not one of his television habits.

The rest of the week was filled in with 'Look', illustrated by some beautiful butterfly studies; 'Commonwealth Magazine', as noisily instructive as before; another instalment, rather a scrappy one, of the undersea adventures of Hans and Lotte Hass; amateur boxing from Wembley; and 'Is This Your Problem?' with its solemn masquerade of public service. I ask, would Miss Romney, Mr. Lustgarten, and their associates do it for nothing? That would be a test of sincerity, a quality which seems to me to be much too professionally applied to the programme. Yet I could be sympathetic to the pleading that the intolerable dullness of the lives they are called on to dissect warrants the fee, whatever it is. I continue to be baffled by J. F.



'Look: Puss Moth and Swallowtail' on April 25—left, the Swallowtail caterpillar; and right, the Swallowtail butterfly

Wolfenden's readiness to endorse an enterprise that can be equated with an inferior sort of journalism.

Those of us with nothing better to do on Saturday afternoon (and it seems that we are legion) watched 'Taplow Horse Show', at which we saw well-known riders and horses performing to the somewhat tepid applause of a tweedy audience; and 'Canoe Slalom' at Sprotborough Weir, Yorkshire, where we were slightly appalled by the spectacle of canoeists battling with detergent-cruised rapids. 'I wish somebody would do something about it', from the commentator, echoed from my set like a heart-cry. Circus-going at Cardiff in 'Saturday-Night Out' had its thrills, none of them to do with animals.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Very Nice, Look You

HOW ODD IS one's reaction to regional accents, in which matter we are all terribly unpredictable. The Hon. Nancy Mitford should really oblige with some researches into this prickly field. I can only state my own case: that I am, for no reason which I can pin down, quite irrationally affected by Welsh accents, moved by them to laughter and tears as by no other. Even if I am told, as I frequently am, that what I like is merely a stage-Welsh idiom, I am still uncritical to the point of idiocy. The equivalent Doric, be it Barrie Hieland or incomprehensible Glaswegian, makes my scalp rise and prickle. The equivalent Devonian simply strikes me as comic.

These things cannot be explained. The intonations which to some people simply suggest red-nosed comedians hiccuping in music-halls seem to others the very inner voice of truth and decency, to no other comparable. Once, when O'Casey was still underplaying his hand, the Irish voice deeply affected me. Now I should think Paycocks and Junos in general would score a victory less easily. I am not criticising anyone in this instance, I am merely seeking for knowledge. Hands up those who liked 'St. Joan' played in a broad Yorkshire or Ibsen's 'The Wild Duck' with a long, northern 'o'?

The immediate point at issue is why I was so moved by certain scenes in 'The Wind of Heaven' which has had a fair slating, I note, from most of the critics. I can only put it



Photographs: John Curran



Scene from 'The Wind of Heaven', by Emlyn Williams, televised from Cardiff on April 26, with (left to right) Helen Shingler as Dilys Parry, Rachel Thomas as Bet, Anthony Newlands as Ambrose Ellis, and Alan Wheatley as Mr. Pitter

down to this particular softness for Welsh 'ham'. You could have filled an eggcup with my tears at the moment when Bet (mother of the putative little Welsh 'Messiah') explained 'He was only a little boy but he made it sound very nice'. I am not suggesting that Rachel Thomas did this anything less than superbly well, almost making me forget Megs Jenkins in the original performance. But I do not believe that in any other regional speech-mode, or for that matter in any other language, I would find it so moving. For anyone interested I should add that I did not have a Welsh nurse, or, as they say, 'anything of that kind'!

Emlyn Williams' play 'dabbles' admittedly in religious feelings and so would be accounted in bad taste in some quarters—that being the Fry and Eliot country. Myself, I have always thought highly of it. But there, again, it is hard to lay down the law. I once walked down the hill at Bayreuth after a stirring 'Parsifal' with an American lady (of a certain age) who opined 'Now, I am not what you'd call a religious wumman, but didn't that music make you wanna prostrate yourself?'

In the theatre at least I found that Williams' idea imposed itself strongly, but then—pace Max Beerbohm—I have been known to enjoy 'The Passing of the Third Floor Back'. What is certain, however, is that the piece is conceived with great theatrical sense and that this saving magic was not recaptured in the televised performance. For one thing, the element of the supernatural music was utterly wasted. Sounds 'off' were used so liberally that when the strange and wonderful heavenly harps were heard they seemed like just another fade-in from the sound-effects panel. I remember that the moment when the little boy suddenly emerged from the kitchen and walked in this eerie 'silence' across Mrs. Parry's parlour stopped one's heart. Television still has to find an equivalent for the grand theatrical entrance. Mere appearing on a screen is not the same thing (we noticed it on Sunday in the ballet, too). Bunched grouping, cautious excursions half a yard into the 'garden', and that

unsatisfactory staircase (usually a poor lever in television for getting people 'on')—all these worked against the play's inherent feeling for the stage. The playing was weak on the female side, with the exception of Rachel Thomas. Anthony Newlands, very much an actor up and coming, scowled like Mr. Rochester crossed with Long John Silver. Within possible limits he did admirably—as did Alan Wheatley as the rationalist onlooker.

'Opportunity, Murder', second instalment, showed Miss Baxter (who lives a stone's throw from Euston) dropping her assault charges: also, the husband getting a revolver

though efficiently handled by Margaret Dale, failed to convey the magic, the swank, the spaciousness of this lovely ballet as it appears on that most sumptuous of stages. Rowena Jackson and Margot Fonteyn, however, transmitted something of the grand archducal manner; and the music, under Robert Irving, supplied a little of the missing element. It was a pity that in the last of the great dives in the *pas de deux*, the ballerina's face was in shadow. After this, the operatic excerpt ('Magic Flute', Act 1, finale) looked very ludicrous; of course, it was never meant to be seen in close-up, in monochrome, and looked fussy, over-dressed and over-acted. The conductor, Gibson, and the bass, Kelly (Sarastro), carried off the honours—as far as this wide public showing went. Strange that no one thought of giving us a long view from the 'slips' or the gallery, whence the Royal Opera looks a treat.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Sundrie Times

'AS IT HATH BIN sundrie times plaied about the City of London'. But not in our day. That is why 'The Reign of King Edward III' must have had all available Shakespeareans gummed to their sets on Sunday. For years I have waited for this chronicle. Now that the Third Programme is, richly, coping with the Shakespeare Apocrypha, collectors—many of whom have got through the thirty-seven plays—are off on a new tack. (Am I at last, I wonder, to have the felicity of hearing 'Fair Em'?) For the moment, the theme is 'Edward III', and a royal theme it is. Some of us had caught the King-and-Countess episode, which used to be a Poel flourish; here now is the famous scene in its proper place in a tapestry whose Shakespearean threads it is hard to deny. There has been, of course, much zesty academic charge and counter-charge; but aural experience of the play (which, after all, was written to be heard, to be acted) is as valuable as prolonged mulling-over in the study, and in certain scenes on Sunday some of us found it difficult not to believe our ears.

This 'Edward' came through grandly in Peter Watts' adaptation.



'Royal Opera House: 1946-1956': a programme on April 29. Above: Margot Fonteyn as Princess Aurora and Michael Somes as Prince Florimund in 'Aurora's Wedding' from the ballet 'The Sleeping Beauty'. Below: the finale from Act I of 'The Magic Flute', with Elsie Morison (left foreground) as Pamina, Geraint Evans (right foreground) as Papageno, and Dermot Troy (third from right) as Monostatos

out of the dining-room cupboard. It is thrilling: I have strong doubts about that 'tec (Duncan Lamont) and about that lover (Roderick Lovell), a Mif (or milk - in - first type) — most untrustworthy. Anne Crawford makes too many faces but is excellent all the same.

The Covent Garden show, which was disgracefully held up by the recent strike, came rather tamely on. The tour of the great theatre was dull, sparked no imaginative realisation of its size, in spite of statistics. The director talked blandly. Then 'Aurora's Wedding',





the things they say!



I might have begged a lift of that tanker driver.

Why should he stop for you?

Well, I took the plunge some time ago, and bought some I.C.I. stock.

I.C.I.? Rubbing shoulders with the big brass, aren't you?

Not a bit of it. Most of the stockholders in I.C.I. are small investors like me.

That's hard to believe.

I used to think the same — until I checked the facts. The truth is, 85% of the stockholders hold, on the average, less than four hundred £1 units of stock each.

But the rest hold a nice little packet, I'll bet!

Wrong again. There are surprisingly few large holdings and most of those belong to life insurance companies, pension funds and investment trusts.

So the money is spread throughout a very wide circle, when you work it out.

Yes, but somebody must hold a controlling interest.

The business is too big for that to happen.

There are over 200,000 stockholders.

How are you so well up on your facts?

Well, my own son works for them, you know. There's another thing — he's a stockholder himself now! With the new profit-sharing scheme in full swing, more than 80,000 employees like him now have their own stake in the company.



From the King's first words in a scene that sounded like an early sketch for 'Henry V', the text reached us in ringing pride. In these days, as we know from the new tales of Hoffman, parallel passages can be a snare; but in speech after speech the people of 'Edward III' seemed to be using Shakespeare's voice. The King's 'like to a flattering glass' takes us to 'Richard II'; a few lines farther on, 'Her praise is as my love, both infinite' has the note of 'Romeo and Juliet', and presently we are in the vein of 'Love's Labour's Lost'. In particular, line upon line, as spoken, recalled 'Richard II'; one was caught up by such words as 'wistly' and 'regreet'. Theories aside, 'Edward III' was among the most exhilarating productions for a long time. It cried to be translated to the stage; and now, when at last the scorned 'Henry VI' has come from the study's dust, it may well be. Incidentally, one speech that was cut has a very tempting three lines for those ready to juggle with word and theory: 'The stern Polonian, and the warlike Dane, The King of Bohemia, and of Sicily, Are all become confederates with us'. I feel that, later, they would have all become confederates with Shakespeare.

The splendour of 'Edward III' is its King-Countess scene, strongly expressed on Sunday by Valentine Dyal and Joan Hart, who brought warmth to warmth. (The Countess of Salisbury could have given useful advice to Isabella.) But the Froissart-chronicling also came through in surge. Mr. Watts had let all the drums roll, and so, in this play, he should. The night continued to be full of echoes—even in the ragged droop of the closing scenes. Thus 'My soul should yield this castle of my flesh' led the memory to 'Banished this frail sepulchre of our flesh'. But, writing immediately after the play, with its echoes beating against the mind, one cannot do more than suggest that as much good is likely to come of a single performance as of many hours of textual poring unaided by the players' voices. These Third Programme revivals are shafts of light in the dusk.

The cast had the essential spirit, notably Brewster Mason as Warwick with the show-line, 'Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds'; Howieson Culff as John of France, and John Westbrook as the Black Prince who is given his arms before Crécy in a passage of high chivalry. I liked very much the unnamed speaker (in the last scene) of Copland, captor of the King of Scots. The play and its echoes still linger ('The sacred warrant of an oath'—'Edward III', Act 2; 'The strong warrant of an oath'—'Richard II', Act 4): it is enough to say, for the moment, that, whatever the mixed authorship, the night was an event in broadcast drama.

'The Night My Number Came Up' (Home) has also been 'sundrie times played', but as a film. It is the story of a naval commander's dream of impending air disaster, merciful foreknowledge. Luckily, the dream (unlike Calpurnia's on another occasion) was heeded. Storm, darkness, snow, the rocky coast of Japan, a Dakota flying into trouble ('Swift-starting fear hath buzzed a cold dismay'—'Edward III'); the complicated business made good radio-drama, produced in the right manner by Archie Campbell, with such voices as Patrick Barr's and James McKechnie's to keep us tense. When it was over I looked for some soothing essay about stage-coaches.

So, at length, to 'Left in the Middle' (Third) in which Angus Wilson draws us, with his own irony, to the nineteen-thirties. We have been there sundrie times. Mr. Wilson creates a young man (Frank Duncan reminded me of Hugh Burden's similarly bewildered Reeve) who probes all the side-alleys of the left-wing world from Constructive Anarchism to Revolutionary

Pacifism. Mildly amusing in its dusty-answer method: just the thing to put one off 'current affairs' for ever.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Grand National

LOOKING THROUGH the list of the broadcasts I heard last week and the notes I contrived to scribble the while, I find that for some extraordinary reason I confined my diet to hard tack with hardly a sop to the aesthete from first to last. To listen to a number of people discussing, largely with disapproval and for three-quarters of an hour, our present mental and spiritual condition is not fun, the less so if you happen to agree, as I did, with most of what they said. In fact, 'An Absence of Dragons' left me almost convinced that if St. George of Cappadocia—we were celebrating St. George's Day—had only left the dragon alone to gobble us all up, no great harm would have been done. Father Hugh Bishop, one of the debaters, said that there is today not only an indifference to politics, which some regard as a healthy scepticism, but a radical moral scepticism which holds that the individual is powerless to arrest the general apathy. Another speaker noted that the old spiritual fervour has gone from the trade unions and is replaced by a selfish jockeying for power, and a third that the state is assuming a greater and greater control over our lives and consequently the individual is becoming less and less aware of himself as a person. It seems that we need both another St. George and another dragon to put some spiritual and physical guts into us. But is there nothing to be said on the credit side?

Nor is 'Marriage and Divorce' a theme to which one turns with passionate anticipation unless actually involved in it. All the same, I switched on this debate next evening, in which some of the recommendations of the Royal Commission were discussed by the Principal of the Law Society's School of Law, the Chairman of the L.C.C.'s Children's Committee, and the Bishop of Birmingham, with Norman Fisher as chairman; and so, for the moment at least, brought myself up to date with the legal, sociological, and ecclesiastical views given by these representatives of each. It was a debate which left each point of view absolutely clear and revealed a fair measure of agreement between all three speakers.

Having allowed A. J. P. Taylor to outstrip me a fortnight ago with number three of 'The Other Foreign Policy', the broadcast version of his Ford Lectures, I caught up with him when it was repeated last week and listened to number four, 'The Radical Alternative before 1914', next evening. To listen to Mr. Taylor is no fun, any more than it is fun, I imagine, to ride in the Grand National. The sport is far too strenuous for that. But it is immensely exhilarating, and—for one who would like to jot down a few facts and observations *en route*—infernally frustrating. But I had the sense, at last, to remind myself that the Ford Lectures are university lectures and not history lessons, and I cast away pencil and paper, leaned back, and listened. And even that was sufficiently violent exercise. The stream of facts and brilliant observations and those disconcerting moments when Mr. Taylor shies at a jump and then, before his rider can regain his balance, flies over it with energy redoubled are breath-taking experiences in which the jog-trot listener finds himself alarmingly transformed into a John Gilpin. Among the various impressions which have remained I recall with particular zest the sharply etched character-study of Gladstone which emerged in 'Gladstonian Foreign Policy: the

Contradictions of Morality', in which, as etchers do, Mr. Taylor used acid—his own special brand of it.

To switch across from the Third to Home when Mr. Taylor stopped and Maurice Cranston began was like returning indoors and shutting the door after hurrying along Brighton front in a gale. This was the second of Mr. Cranston's three talks on 'The Rights of Man'. He calls for no feats of horsemanship in his listener. His style is crystal clear and his delivery leisurely and very pleasant to listen to. I enjoy talks of this kind: they clarify the mind and do not fray the nerves. In 'Dating the Past', a 'Science Survey' talk, R. J. C. Atkinson told how, by using the radio-carbon method on deposits of pollen grains, scientists have made it possible for the archaeologist to fix with great accuracy prehistoric dates which were previously only approximate. Soon, it seems, we shall no longer be able to let bygones be bygones.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

The Original 'Alceste'

THE OPERATIC DEPARTMENT of the B.B.C. is to be congratulated on coaxing Mme. Flagstad out of retirement and presenting her, not in some well-worn role, but in the Italian version of Gluck's 'Alceste', which most of us have never heard before. Mme. Flagstad has, I believe, appeared as Alceste in Zürich, but whether in a German translation of the Paris version or in the original one produced in Vienna I know not. The great thing was that she was provided with a splendid opportunity for showing us how little her voice has lost of its noble beauty and expressive qualities.

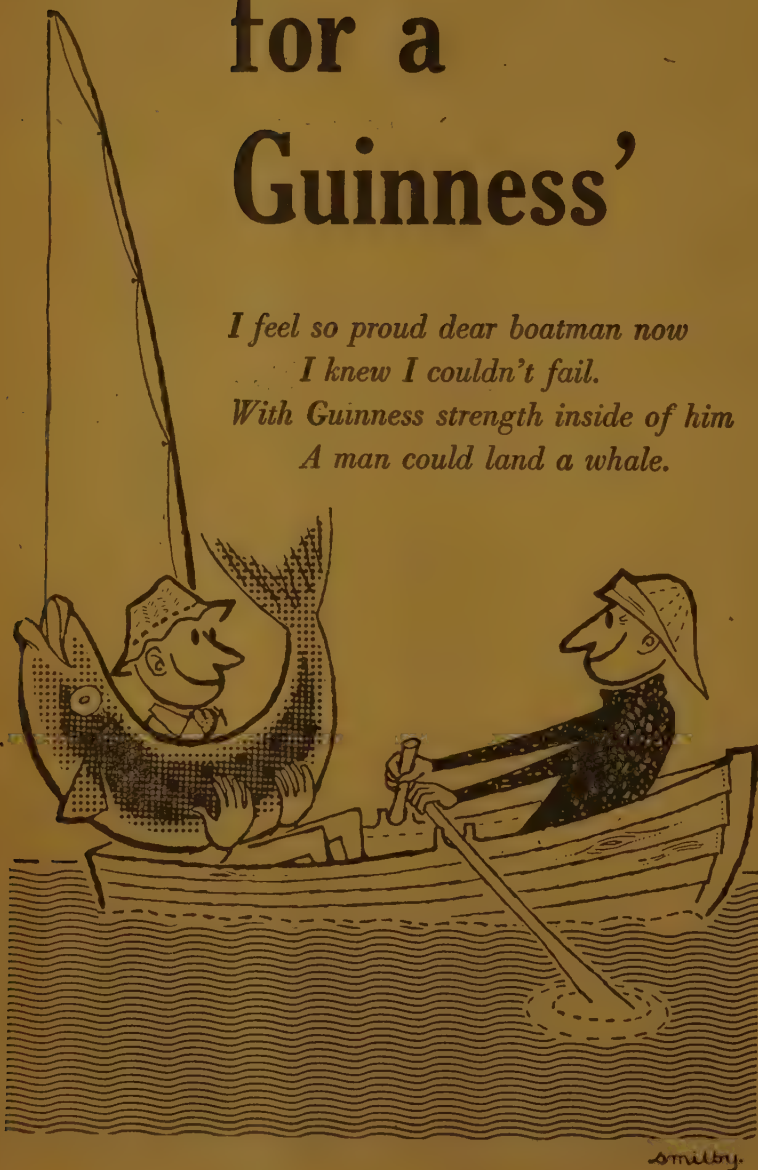
In some ways Calzabigi's Italian libretto is superior to the adaptation made by du Roulet to suit French operatic tastes and especially the requirement for a great deal of ballet that seriously holds up the already rather static action. The Italian version is more dramatic and, though the second act is over-long, or at least seemed so in the broadcast, it is difficult to understand how Gluck could consent to throw overboard the scene in which Alceste confronts her fate. It is the second part of the act, in which the people rejoice at Admetus' recovery and there is the slightly ridiculous wrangle between high-minded husband and wife, that tends to bore. On the other hand, du Roulet's restoration of Hercules to the cast so that, as in the Greek legend, he may rescue Alceste was wholly a gain. It is odd that Calzabigi, who ridiculed the 'matrimonial catastrophe' brought about by a *deus ex machina* in the conventional *opera seria* of his day, should have resorted so needlessly to this very device to effect the *dénouement*.

Musically, the later version is, where it can be put beside the earlier, generally better. Nothing in the performance was more disappointing than the air we know as 'Divinités du Styx', that magnificent gesture of defiant self-sacrifice with which the first act of the Paris version ends. The Italian version of this air is curiously ineffective; the voice part had not yet assumed control of the melody and taken on its bold and noble curves. It was no fault of the singer, who did what she could with what is no more than a sketch for a masterpiece.

The performances had evidently been carefully prepared and, besides Mme. Flagstad, a first-rate cast was assembled. Raoul Jobin sang well as Admetus, which is all we can ask of the interpreter of one of the least heroic roles in the tenor repertory. It is one of the curiosities of the Italian version that Admetus is given a good deal of *recitativo secco*, a reversion to a convention Gluck had abandoned in 'Orfeo'. I

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cannot help wondering if he had some dramatic idea for differentiating Admetus as a character, but without a sight of the music it is difficult to establish such a point. What one can say is that the continuo was well 'realised'. Indeed, the whole production, under the musical direction of Geraint Jones, bore the stamp of authenticity. It was also, which is even more important, abundantly alive.

On the Monday evening of last week Otto Klemperer conducted the Philharmonia Orchestra in capital performances of Haydn's 'Clock' Symphony (the clock ticked regularly without

becoming a mere metronome) and Beethoven's Concerto in E flat. Geza Anda, the pianist, played his part in an accomplished manner, but seemed not yet fully in command of this majestic music. He failed to measure the true stature of the first movement. The *Adagio* was beautifully played, though I imagine that if Beethoven had wished the chords for the right hand in the *cantabile* melody to be arpeggiated, he would have marked them so. Nor was that famous crux, the lead into the finale, well managed for lack of the right rhythmical tension. Later in the week we had two more per-

formances of Rubbra's new Concerto in G played again by Denis Matthews with the B.B.C. Orchestra under Sir Malcolm Sargent. At a third hearing I began to wonder whether, enchanting though the music is as sound, its actual material is really quite strong enough. Yet if the ideas are thin, it is wonderful how much Rubbra manages to spin out of them. In the Thursday night chamber concert (Home Service) Dennis Brain and his colleagues gave a superb performance of Mozart's Quintet for piano and wind in E flat.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

The Music of Martin Peerson

By MARYLIN WAILES

The first of three programmes of Peerson's music will be broadcast at 9.0 p.m. on Sunday, May 6 (Third)

MARTIN PEERSON was born at March in the Isle of Ely between 1571 and 1573: that is some twelve years before Orlando Gibbons, when William Byrd was a man of thirty and Dowland a boy of ten. It is not known where he received his musical training, but he was evidently thoroughly grounded in the traditions of Tudor church music. When he was forty he took his Mus.Bach. at Lincoln College, Oxford; an unusual entry is made beside his name in the Register: '*Vir in musica exercitissimus*'.

John Donne appointed him Master of the Children of St. Paul's in 1626, and though the choir was dispersed during the Great Rebellion he was still living in part of the Petticanons College when he died in 1651.

It is not surprising that Peerson's music reflects Italian influences. At the end of the sixteenth century collections of Italian madrigals were being 'Englished' and printed in London, the two most famous being published by Nicholas Yonge in 1588 and 1597 under the title of *Musica Transalpina*. In the preface Yonge says that he entertained his friends 'both by the exercise of music daily used in my house, and by furnishing them with books of that kind yearly sent to me out of Italy and other places'. The two men must certainly have known each other, as Peerson was living at Cripplegate while Yonge was a Vicar Choral at St. Paul's, and seventeenth-century London was like a small provincial town today.

As Peerson was not a madrigalist, his music was not included in Dr. Fellowes' edition of the English Madrigal School. Peter Warlock, however, showed enough interest in him to include some of his 'Ayres' in a modern edition, but unfortunately this fine publication soon went out of print, and Peerson relapsed into obscurity. Such obscurity is hard to reconcile with the fine quality of his music, and the considerable quantity of it that has been handed down to us safely.

His music falls into four categories:

(1) Secular motets, usually for five voices, some in chorus with keyboard accompaniment, others for solo voices, alternating with choruses and accompanied by strings and keyboard.

(2) His great anthems take the same forms as his secular motets, though some of the early ones are a *cappella* and a few are for voices and instruments without organ accompaniment.

(3) 'Ayres and Dyalogues' for one or two solo voices accompanied by instruments and rounded off with short choruses.

(4) Instrumental suites and keyboard pieces. Nearly all Martin Peerson's keyboard accompaniments are figured, an innovation for an Englishman at this time, and a pointer towards the baroque music that was soon to be written.

The first programme (on May 6) will be

devoted to the music of his patron Sir Fulke Greville, soldier, statesman and poet, who above all else wished to be remembered as the friend of Sir Philip Sidney. This patronage appears to have been more than the conventional acceptance of a laudatory preface to a set of part-books. Peerson may have been Greville's household musician in his youth, and the *Mottets or Grave Chamber Musick* published in 1630 are a collaboration of poet and musician; they are all settings of poems from Sir Fulke's *Caelica*. In 'Man Dream no More' which is one of these, Peerson has matched his music perfectly to these words:

Man dream no more of curious mysteries:
As, what was here before the world was made,
The first man's life, the state of Paradise,
Where heaven is, or hell's eternal shade;
For God's works are like him, all infinite;
And curious search but craftie sin's delight.

There are some particularly crafty uses of dissonances in the setting of the last line.

The 'Song to the Memory of the Lady Arbella Stuart' is one of the many works that will be heard for the first time in this series; it is an extensive song of deep feeling and great beauty. It will be remembered that Lady Arbella was a cousin of James I, and that she or her children might well have claimed the throne; James so feared this that he would not allow her to marry. She did marry eventually without royal consent, was captured while attempting to escape to France and was imprisoned in the Tower. There she suffered great hardships which drove her out of her mind and she died in prison.

The words of the song are anonymous:

Wake sorrow wake sith she is false asleep,
Asleep in death who was entombed in life.
Eyes weepe out sight or see but still to weepe,
And Weepe for a matchless widdow wife,
Who now is dead, dead, Arbella Ah! is dead.
Arbella, Arbella, Arbella, with hearts of lead,
Arbella, Arbella, farewell deare widdow wife,
Farewell in death that fared'st so ill in life.
Sole paragon for grace and princely parts,
Thy vault still keeps our thoughts, thy chest our hearts.

Many of Martin Peerson's anthems are settings of the prayer-book version of the psalms; they are some of his most profound works. They also contain descriptive writing which is positively programmatic. For instance in 'O goe not from me' which will be sung on May 16, one can positively hear the maidens playing on their timbrels, the fat bulls of Bashan gaping, and the lions ramping and roaring. His notes ascend to heaven chromatically and reach hell on a dissonance.

In 1620 Peerson published his 'Ayres and Dyalogues', calling them 'Private Musicke', and saying that they can be performed by one voice and one instrument or a small group of

voices and a wide choice of instruments. Some of the carefully chosen lyrics are anonymous; others are by such men as Sir Philip Sidney, Ben Jonson, and Walter Davison; some are gay to the point of frivolity; others serious, like this beautiful love poem by Robert Greene:

Ah, were she pittiful as she is faire,
Or but so milde as she is seeming so,
Then were my hopes greater then my dispaire,
Then all the world were heaven and nothing woe.

But beauty being pittlesse and sterne,
Cruel in deede though mild in outward show:
Will neither hopes, or my dispaire descerne,
But leades me to a hell of endless woe.

Unfortunately the only virginal-pieces by Peerson to come down to us are the four in the *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book*, but he is known to have written many more. His instrumental fantasies are witty, original, and mature. Four of them are charmingly named, 'Aquauntance, Chouse (meaning Choice), Beauty, and Delicate', each of them is followed by a short almain.

To give a clear performance of seventeenth-century fantasies is a problem, for they were written for the pleasure of the players and not for an audience. A group of well-blended strings make it difficult to follow the polyphony of such music. Therefore, in the third programme of this series, 'Beauty' and 'Delicate' will be played in broken consort on three string and three woodwind instruments. This historical inaccuracy—for these pieces were more probably intended for strings—needs no excuse, for it adds to the pleasure of the listener by making it easy to follow the part writing.

There are many things still to be discovered about Martin Peerson and a great deal more music to be heard, but this series of his music is truly representative of this almost unknown English composer whose music is full of beauty, depth, and humour.

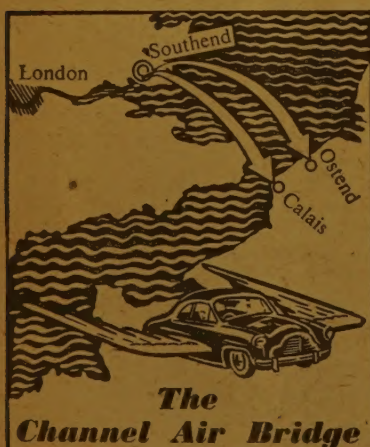
Among recent publications are: *A History of the Scottish Miners*, by R. Page Arnot (Allen and Unwin, 30s.); *Bird Navigation*, by G. V. T. Matthews (Cambridge, 12s. 6d.); *Wings: Insects, Birds, Men*, by Blanche Stillson (Gollancz, 16s.); *Bird and Butterfly Mysteries*, by Bernard Ackworth (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 30s.); *The High Hill of the Muses: an Anthology*, by Hugh Kingsmill (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 25s.); *Wordsworth, Poetry and Prose*, selected by W. M. Merchant (Hart-Davis, 27s. 6d.); *Middleton's Tragedies*, by Samuel Schoenbaum (Oxford, for Columbia University Press, 36s.); *The Spanish Background of American Literature*, by Stanley T. Williams (Oxford, for Yale University Press, 2 vols., 80s.); *The Golden Age of Indian Art*, by Pierre Rambach and Victor de Golish (Thames and Hudson, 42s.); *Martin Buber: the Life of Dialogue*, by Maurice S. Friedman (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 25s.) and *Too Late to Lament*, by Maurice Browne (Gollancz, 25s.).

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For the Housewife

Washing, Cleaning, and Ironing

By RUTH DREW

I HAVE received questions from listeners about cleaning aniline-dyed calf shoes, treating stains on nylon, ironing rayon fabrics, and washing candlewick cotton.

First, about aniline-dyed calf shoes: often, nowadays, shop assistants are pointing out to their customers that this aniline dye is a feature of the shoes they are buying. Is it really necessary to use a special dressing to clean leather which has been treated with this type of dye? The answer is yes—if you want to keep your shoes the original colour. Shoe manufacturers reserve their best calf-skin for this type of dye; and, for the final finish, the leather is processed with a clear film. The idea is to show off the natural grain of the skin at its best. Ordinary shoe creams have a solvent in them which penetrates this film, and the effect is permanently to darken the natural grain of the leather. So it pays to rely on the dressing made specially for this job; and to use clean brushes and dusters.

Can you treat stains on nylon with the usual dry-cleaning solutions? Yes, you can. It is perfectly all right to use carbon tetrachloride and the other grease solvents of that type. It is best to use them by an open window. But it is not all right to use certain bleaches on nylon. The technical reason for this is that there are powerful oxidising agents in some of them; and it has been found that these have a decidedly harmful effect on nylon.

Now for a question about rayon. I keep getting letters asking why rayon sometimes develops greasy-looking spots after it has been ironed. It has been sprinkled; in other words, unevenly damped. These are water spots. When you have rayon garments to iron, you have to do it at the right moment, which is when they are evenly damp. If you miss the moment, and the clothes are too dry to come up properly under the iron, they need to be damped down evenly and not sprinkled. The simplest method is to open out a damp towel—spread the rayon things on it, roll up the towel, and then squeeze firmly and leave for half an hour or so. All this is no problem to anyone who possesses a steam iron. With one of these you can iron rayon when it is bone dry.

Many people have candlewick dressing-gowns and housecoats. There are candlewick bedspreads, too, which may be due for washing around this time of year. The washing itself presents no difficulty: first, a brisk shake in the fresh air to get rid of surface dust; then a good squeezing in plenty of best quality warm suds, thorough rinsing in several lots of clear warm water, and, of course, careful wringing.

When it comes to drying, it is a good plan to give candlewick things a shake every now and again while they are on the line. This helps to loosen the little tufts—to perk them up again after the flattening effect of the wash. It is also

a good thing to double candlewick over the line, with the tufts on the inside. Hung like this, the tufts meet each other when the breeze blows, rub against one another, and do their own loosening. Candlewick must not be ironed. When it is quite dry, you simply brush it up with a perfectly clean clothes brush.

—Home Service

Notes on Contributors

- JOHN RAVEN (page 538): Secretary of a Coal Trade Association
- THEODORE GILLMAN (page 538): Professor of Physiology, Natal University, Durban; former lecturer in Anatomy, Histology, and Clinical Pathology, Witwatersrand University
- R. F. KAHN, C.B.E. (page 543): Professor of Economics, Cambridge University, since 1951
- HARRY WALSTON (page 546): farmer and journalist; author of *No More Bread*, etc.
- GEOFFREY GRIGSON (page 547): author of *English Drawings*, *The Englishman's Flora*, *Freedom of the Parish*, etc.
- R. J. C. ATKINSON (page 548): Lecturer in Pre-historic Archaeology, Edinburgh University
- REYNER BANHAM (page 550): Lecturer in the History of Design, L.C.C. Central School of Arts and Crafts; assistant editor, *The Architectural Review*

Crossword No. 1,353. Embedded Squares—II. By Fudge

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

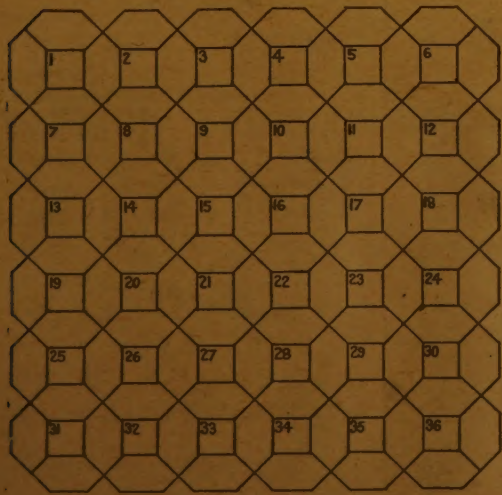
Closing date: first post on Thursday, May 10. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

The diagram comprises thirty-six interlacing octagons, each divided so as to form a square surrounded by four hexagons. The squares are numbered 1-36. Each clue leads to a word of five letters, one of which is to be selected and written in the correspondingly numbered square and the

remaining letters without alteration of order written clockwise in the four hexagons round it. In the completed puzzle, a four-letter word can be read anti-clockwise in each ring of hexagons, and the letters in the squares form a 6 x 6 word square. The letters in the twenty-four peripheral hexagons can be arranged as I LIKE ALL DEAD VERBAL SHADES. Punctuation in the clues should be mistrusted.

CLUES

- 'High Jinks' show lacks Mr. Watkyn's mark of approval
- Brave turmoil comes to a head in Miltonic counsel
- Arab coin sounds like Danny Kaye's girl with blazing eyes
- The smallest upright slab is made of dull dark blue rock
- He makes a meal of water crowfoot
- He sometimes applies the whip for a point raised at question time
- Place in Europe, where you can see the head of a Jewish sect
- Free-floating weed hardly disturbs a duck
- Bitter-tasting like well-dressed young oysters
- The English name of the poor European wheat is
- Piano stool is upset, showing internal walls
- About the close of day he told a tale of two students
- In medieval times the number seven by itself was good luck for the Scottish
- Peculiar charm seen when the Queen of Goths turns and stops short
- Inflammation of the skin produced by gangrene starting in the long hair
- Encloses wild vetches in spikes
- Intellectual qualities shown when Hugh the barber turns round
- God shows himself in the morning and rouses us from sleep
- Murderer 'crown'd with smiles'
- Thin silk stuff is twisted and cut on the floor
- I'm in a gondola in a loose light dress
- Satin-wood stake with the last letter first
- Ridicule the heart of Ormazd's prophet



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

- U.S. elevated railway has a continuous run in this city
- Halves of kodrantes, change from Shakespeare's silver coin
- Hard exterior of 'the brightest and best of the sons of the morning'
- Twist, cut up, scatter Scottish garments
- Zeus faber would give a sullen girl a start
- Servants upset Du Maurier's Sir Gorgius
- Draws anatomical subjects only?
- Swagger or make great show as George I might have said
- The outer parts of estates consist of these sandy tracts or little valleys
- Midland Co. with an increase of 900 threads
- South American river denizen becomes a hiker in dry weather using varied routes
- Allurement of a famous *maîtrise* idol with noticeable nostrils
- There is no substitute for wool' say the bill-board illustrations clearly showing one

Solution of No. 1,351

S	C	R	A	P	E	P	E	A	S	A	N	T
L	I	A	T	E	R	A	P	T	U	R	E	S
R	N	S	T	R	I	P	E	S	T	I	D	E
A	N	U	A	F	C	A	T	O	R	O	S	E
E	A	R	R	E	A	D	Y	B	O	M	I	V
A	B	E	T	C	R	O	S	S	F	E	W	I
L	A	T	I	T	U	D	E	B	O	L	T	S
B	R	E	D	P	I	G	D	R	A	B	S	A
S	C	R	E	E	N	E	O	E	V	A	R	G
H	A	R	E	S	J	U	D	G	E	F	O	E
E	V	E	R	Y	A	R	O	M	U	L	U	S
R	I	C	H	A	R	D	L	A	D	I	E	S
D	E	E	P	B	L	U	E	S	E	A	N	O

NOTES

Across: 'Roses and raptures of vice', Swinburne, 'Dolores'; Flora MacDonald; 'The Cat and the Canary', J. Willard; 'Far and few', E. Lear; 'Pig and Pepper', L. Carroll; 'Robin and Richard were two pretty men' (nursery rhyme).

Down: 1, 'Flight of the Earls' (Irish song). 4, M.N.D., I, i. 7. Papa-geno, 'Magic Flute'. 9, Mo-I.R.A. 18, Alb-any. 21, Q. Horatius Flaccus. 22, Anag. of Balfe. 29, Anag. of 'no rue'. 30, 'Don Juan' (introd.).

Prizewinners: 1st prize: Mrs. K. N. Graham (Broadstairs); 2nd prize: H. J. Godwin (Swansea); 3rd prize: Mrs. J. E. Jackson (Sheffield, 9)

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